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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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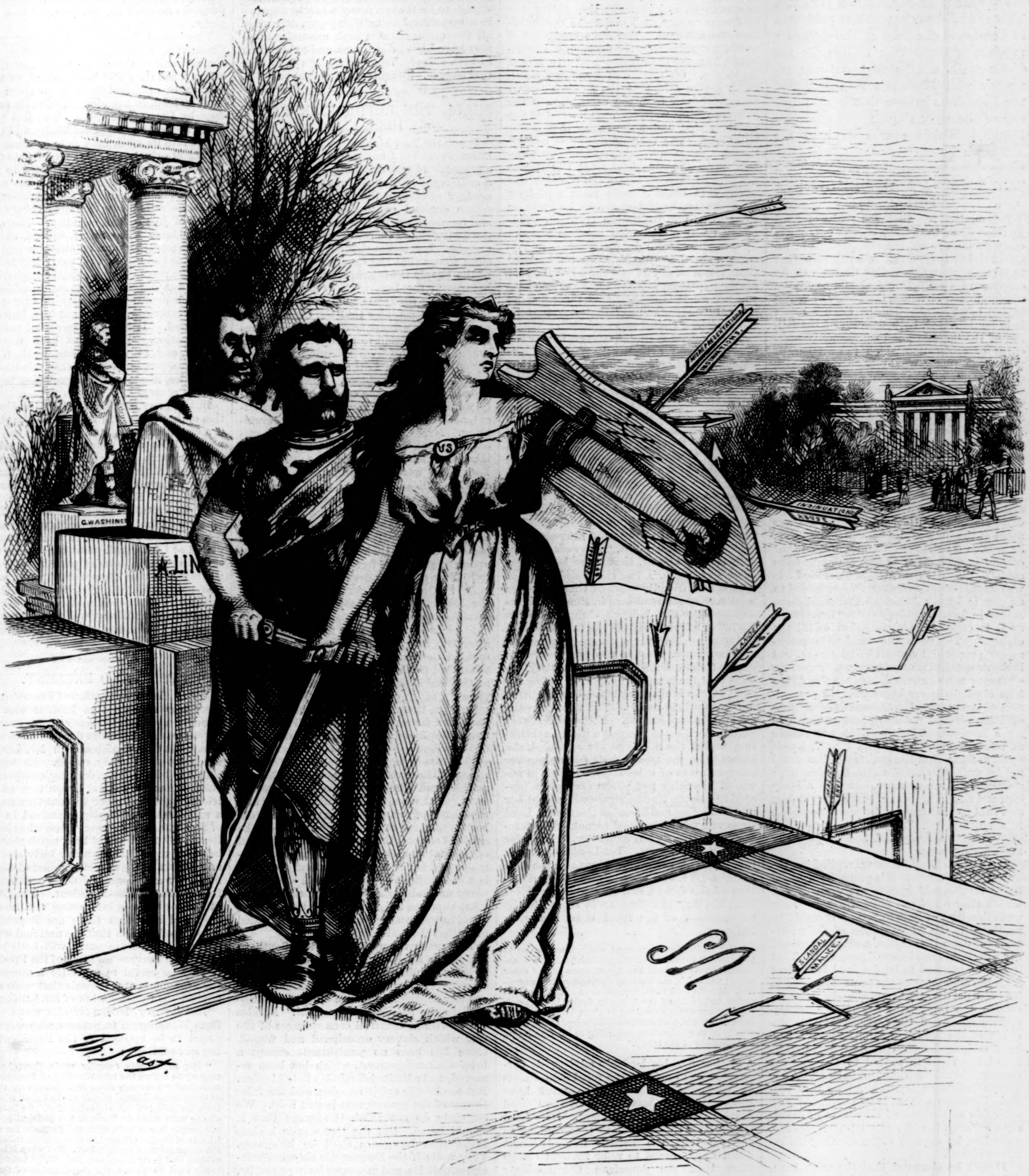

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THE REPUBLIC IS NOT UNGRATEFUL.

"It is not what is *charged* but what is *proved* that damages the party defendant. Any one may be accused of the most heinous offenses; the Saviour of mankind was not only arraigned but convicted; but what of it? Facts alone are decisive."—*New York Tribune, March* 13, 1872.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, April 13, 1872.

DORÉ'S LONDON.

☞ The publication of this magnificent **Pictorial Serial** is commenced in the **Supplement** sent out without extra charge with this issue of **Harper's Weekly**. Each number, like the present, will be adorned with many beautiful and interesting illustrations by **Doré**, the greatest living master of the Picturesque in Art, with entertaining descriptions and thrilling sketches of London life prepared by **Blanchard Jerrold**. This splendid work, which is published in London at the price of two dollars a number, or twenty-four dollars for the whole work, will be sent out **gratuitously** with **Harper's Weekly**; and the Publishers believe that it will prove one of the most elegant and attractive Pictorial Serials ever offered to the American Public.

THE TREATY AND THE GENEVA TRIBUNAL.

It is understood that the reply of Lord **Granville** to the note of Mr. **Fish** courteously declines to submit the question of indirect claims at Geneva. There is no reason to suppose that the United States will recede from its position, and, should no ground of compromise be found, the Treaty of Washington must be abandoned. Such a result is to be regretted, both because of the failure of the imposing and commanding precedent of arbitration which the settlement under the treaty would have established, and because of the open difficulties that would then remain between the two countries. What, then, is the exact situation, and what is the chance of a compromise?

The American case has been always the same. It has been constantly described as one of claims direct and indirect. It is not denied that in the conference of the negotiators on the 8th of March, 1871, the American case, in its usual form, was distinctly stated; and it was added "that in the hope of an amicable settlement, no estimate was made of the indirect losses, *without prejudice, however, to the right of indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made.*" Was such a settlement made? It was immediately and expressly proposed in substance by the American Commissioners. It was, in fact, an apology and a "lump sum," as it is called, "in satisfaction of all the claims." This was the "amicable settlement" proposed by the United States, and it shows conclusively that no boundless sums of money were expected, because the American Commissioners knew that the proposition of the payment of thousands of millions of dollars would not have been entertained for a moment. Their position was simple and intelligible. They said that the case was twofold; that the indirect claims could not be waived; that the direct claims were a dozen millions or more, but that a lump sum and an apology would cover every thing; and that so all causes of difference would be at once removed. This was the "amicable settlement" contemplated and proposed by the United States.

The British Commissioners replied in substance that to agree to this proposition would be to confess and apologize for an offense which they could not acknowledge. They undoubtedly felt that to accept it would be to discredit the whole course of their government upon the subject, and they declined the "amicable settlement" proposed. That it was understood to be declined is evident from the statement of the protocol agreed to by both parties, that immediately upon receiving the reply "the American Commissioners expressed their regret at this decision of the British Commissioners." The "amicable settlement" proposed having thus failed, the right in regard to the indirect claims recurred "without prejudice." After the preliminary attempt had been thus baffled, the treaty was made "to provide for an amicable settlement of all causes of difference between the two countries," including, therefore, by express understanding the indirect claims.

It will be observed that the same term, "amicable settlement," is used in the treaty, and it has been asked why the detailed estimate of indirect losses might not be waived under the later "amicable settlement," as was proposed under the earlier. But the two cases are wholly different. In the first settlement, had it been accepted, Great Britain would have apologized, would have acknowledged her liability, and would have paid an indemnity. But in the second settlement the whole question of conduct and of liability for any claims whatever was left to the tribunal. To say, therefore, directly or by implication, that the treaty itself is the "amicable settlement" originally mentioned, is to disregard the facts: and upon what ground can it, then, be asserted that any part of the uniform claim of the United States was "understood" to be waived when the treaty was signed? By whom was it so understood? Let us see.

The case of the United States was officially delivered at the Foreign-office in London on the 20th of December. It was very soon distributed to the press, and the comments of the press began in less than ten days. The right under the treaty to make the claims was not denied. The *News* said that the vagueness of the demands showed their unsoundness, and that the true policy was to demur to any such claim—of course before the tribunal. The *News* said that it would not anticipate the decision of the tribunal, but would be quite ready to accept its justice. On the 6th of January the *Saturday Review* said that the English agents must withdraw from the arbitration if the indirect claims were presented. But it did not deny that under the treaty they might be offered. The tone of the press became hotter. There were flings at "sharp practice" upon the American side; but it was the 28th of January before the position was taken that Great Britain must withdraw from the treaty if the claims in question were to be laid before the tribunal. This position was stated with needless warmth by Mr. **Gladstone** in Parliament, and it was communicated to Mr. **Schenck** by Lord **Granville** on the 3d of February. But for nearly two months after the American case was known it is evident that there was no general "understanding" that any part of the American claims was excluded.

That understanding, however, is now the reason offered for the British position. It is argued that it is impossible to suppose that the British Commissioners could really have agreed to leave to five men—or virtually to three—the decision whether England should be mortgaged to the United States. It is alleged to be as impossible to suppose it as to suppose that the United States would have left to three men the question of the dissolution of the Union. But this does not change the question. An alleged *ex parte* "understanding" of a treaty can not be pleaded against its text. There may, indeed, have been a misunderstanding. The London *Times* of the 21st of February said that there was no doubt, "however improbable it may appear, that there has been a misapprehension." But it certainly has not tended to a friendly solution that there has been such eager readiness in England to insinuate that the indirect claims were "a fetch," or after-thought of the United States.

Assuming, however, a sincere difference of understanding, what is the true course to pursue? The United States distinctly declare that the treaty provides for the settlement of the indirect claims. Great Britain insists that it is not so. The views of each government are known. If, therefore, Great Britain declines to proceed with the arbitration unless these claims are excluded, she insists that the treaty shall fail unless her interpretation of it be acknowledged in advance. In other words, she declines to proceed unless the United states will accept her understanding and abandon their own. Lord **Granville** is understood to make this statement, courteously but distinctly, in his letter of reply to Mr. **Fish**. Yet Lord **Granville** instructed his secretary to write on the 10th of July, 1871, two months after the ratification of the treaty, and in reply to a letter from Mr. **William Morgan** in regard to the presentation of the rebel bond claims, as follows:

> "Her Majesty's Government can not undertake to place an interpretation on the provisions of the Washington Treaty without the concurrence of the other party; nor would any such interpretation have any effect. It rests with the Commissioners to be appointed under Article 14 of the treaty to decide in each case whether any claim presented to them has or has not been duly made, preferred, and laid before them, either wholly or to what extent, according to the true intent and meaning of the treaty."

And therefore his lordship advises his correspondent to present the rebel debt claims at Washington, although he must have known that the Constitution of the United States prohibits their payment. Does Lord **Granville** think it more preposterous to suppose that the British Commissioners could have agreed to refer indirect claims than that the American Commissioner agreed to refer to three men the payment of claims which the Constitution forbids?

It is evident that the proper and dignified course for both governments, without the assertion or the insinuation of improper conduct or motives, is to await the decision of the tribunal as to its powers under the treaty. If then either Government should be of opinion that the decision was of a scope not to be tolerated by it, it could assume the responsibility of vacating the treaty. Of course, each goes to the tribunal with its own understanding. If that of Great Britain should be sustained, the United States would acquiesce. If that of the United States were affirmed, it is to be presumed that Great Britain would withdraw, however small the actual payment decreed might be. It is said that it is absurd to enter upon an arbitration when one party declares in advance that if a certain decision is made it will not be bound by it. But here is a treaty which the contracting parties interpret differently. It is very desirable that the treaty should be saved, if possible. There is already a tribunal to which the question can be referred with the fair chance of a decision which will be accepted by both parties, and so save the treaty. Ought this chance to be thrown away when to improve it is prejudicial to neither party, and when all the circumstances and misunderstandings have been fully stated, and are familiar to both sides? To go to Geneva is to take that chance. To refuse to go is to abandon it.

SHALL THE REPUBLICAN PARTY DISBAND?

Since the New Hampshire election speculation about the Cincinnati Convention has changed. It was originally intended to be a conference of Republicans who preferred another candidate than the President, and whose decided expressions and character and numbers would, it was hoped, influence the Philadelphia Convention to select some one else. But as the election in New Hampshire shows that the Republican sentiment of the people is unshaken, two things have happened: the Democrats despair of electing a party candidate; and the Cincinnati Republicans consider that the Philadelphia nomination is a foregone conclusion. Therefore the disposition to change the Convention at Cincinnati from a Republican assembly of observation to the nursery of a new party is now very evident. The *Tribune* has stated plainly that the success of either party would be equally agreeable in Connecticut, and that the old organizations are crumbling. Mr. **Doolittle**, stumping Connecticut, says that the Democratic party will sustain the Cincinnati nominations. The New York *World* would be glad to support a Liberal Republican, provided that the Democratic Convention should adopt him; and other Democratic papers prod Senator **Sumner** to hasten out of the Republican ranks, without, however, betraying the least disposition to leave their own. Are we, then, upon the eve of the formation of a new party? If we are, what are its distinctive principles? Or have we come around again to the **Monroe** era of party dissolution and good feeling?

It seems to us to be the merest folly, and a perilous folly, to speak of the issues which divided the country for a generation, and which led to the war, as in any final sense settled and closed. Politics are not a mere game, in which one side having lost and the other won, there is a smiling adjustment of the board for a new turn. The division between the Republican and Democratic parties was founded upon differing views of the very nature of the government and of human rights. Those views were absolutely incompatible, and admitted of no pacific settlement. But when the life and character and conscience of one part of the population are hostile to those of another part—when the spirit of society, the theories of industry and of original right, in one section are hopelessly opposed to those of another, and the result is a desolating and cruel war, in which one party unconditionally conquers the other—what supreme folly to imagine that a mere formal acquiescence in the defeat has healed or settled the real difference!

The present condition of the Southern States, the Ku-Klux, the sense of insecurity of the new citizens, the consequent slowness of recovery, show the real situation. Nor can any considerable share of this be attributed to the national government. Besides the inevitable material consequences of the war which slavery occasioned and waged, there has been no punishment except a brief disfranchisement, which has been removed, and a limited disability to hold office. But the hostile spirit remains, and the false theory of the government is still held. We certainly do not think it strange that it should be so. But the Democratic leaders insist that by-gones shall be by-gones. Very well: if the Democratic theories, principles, policies, and measures have passed by, if the issues upon which parties were divided are settled, why does the party which represents the defeated issues still maintain its organization? It will be time for the victorious party to disband when the conquered party yields. It will be time to form a new party when the old parties have naturally disappeared.

But if there are no new issues upon which parties may be formed, the question of the Presidential election is to be one of administration. Then the inquiry is whether those who believe the principles of a policy to be unconstitutional and unjust are its safe guardians, and whether the Democratic party are likely to be more honest in administration because they are reinforced by some Republicans. That is the question for the Cincinnati Convention. It can not propose to form a new party, for there are no new issues; and personal opposition to a candidate is not a sufficient new party equipment. If the candidate of the Convention should be successful, it will be because of the support of Democrats, not as independent individuals who have decided that their party has done its work, but as members of a political organization which will have ratified the nomination for its own purposes and not for the purpose of a new party.

The honest Republicans who may go to Cincinnati, or who may sympathize with the movement, should carefully ask themselves what they will have gained, or what any cause or principle dear to them will have gained, in the election of their candidate by Democratic votes. The last great party reorganization of old Whigs and Democrats into Republicans was based upon fundamental principles. The formation of the Republican party was the attempt to save liberty in the United States. Slavery under the name, and working by the machinery, of the Democratic party, threatened every safeguard of justice and equality. The crisis was evident. The result, indeed, showed that the fatal moral and political corruption known as the Democratic party had not yet made the rescue of the country impossible; but it was only by a long and terrible war that the deadly ascendency of that party was overthrown. It is not yet, however, disbanded. It is still a powerful political organization. Yet it has been fearfully shaken, and, as we said last week, if the American people are true to their distinctive principles, it can now be weakened beyond hope of recovery.

But can any man believe that the dissolution of that party will be hastened by giving it a candidate which, as a party, it can support? Does any thoughtful man who is familiar with the actual situation in the Southern States and with human nature really believe that it makes no difference whether the Republican party retains or loses the control of the government? Those who are of that opinion will favor the dissolution of the party which is now contemplated at Cincinnati. But those who, upon the deepest principles of patriotism, are unwilling that the Democratic party, which was beaten in 1860, 1864, and 1868, should succeed in 1872, even under the mask of a Republican candidacy, will strenuously oppose the Cincinnati effort to dissolve the Republican party.

PAST AND PRESENT.

When the renomination of President **Lincoln** was suggested in 1864, it was very strongly opposed by many most excellent Republicans. The sure disaster that would follow further confidence in Mr. **Lincoln** was most strenuously stated. He was declared to be a halting, drifting, exasperating chief, whom all radical Union men and patriots ought no longer to countenance, and a movement was finally organized in favor of Mr. **Chase**. There were those who thought General **Butler** would be a much more satisfactory candidate than any body else; and still others at Cleveland nominated General **Fremont** and General **John Cochrane** for President and Vice-President. The history of those events is interesting and instructive; and now that there are Republicans who are of opinion that the national welfare and the Republican party will both be imperiled by the renomination of the President, it may be useful to recur for a moment to the arguments and appeals that were urged against the renomination of Mr. **Lincoln**.

In February, 1864, a circular was sent out from Washington to persons who were supposed to be opposed to the President. It began as follows:

> "The movements recently made throughout the country to secure the renomination of President **Lincoln** render necessary some combination on the part of those unconditional friends of the Union who differ from the policy of his administration. So long as no efforts were made to forestall the political action of the people it was both wise and patriotic for all true friends of the government to devote their influence to the suppression of the rebellion. But when it becomes evident that party machinery and official influence are being used to secure the perpetuation of the present Administration, those who conscientiously believe that the interests of the country and of freedom demand a change in favor of vigor and purity and nationality have no choice but to appeal at once to the people before it shall be too late to secure a fair discussion of principles."

This has certainly a very familiar sound, The office-holders, it appeared, were bent upon renominating their chief, and the people were not to be heard. This was the feeling with which the late Count GUROWSKI, who criticized President LINCOLN most severely, exclaimed to a delegate when the Convention met in Baltimore, "What! *you* here with the Hessians?" Yet if an officer were ever renominated by the deep and sincere preference of the people, President LINCOLN was the man.

The gentlemen who issued the circular of which we are speaking proceeded to state their conclusions, after a thoughtful survey of the political field.

> "1. That even were the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN desirable, it is practically impossible against the union of influences which will oppose him.
>
> "2. That, should he be re-elected, his manifest tendency toward compromises and temporary expedients of policy will become stronger during a second term than it has been in the first, and the cause of human liberty and the dignity and honor of the nation suffer proportionately; while the war may continue to languish during his whole administration, till the public debt shall become a burden too great to be borne.
>
> "3. That the patronage of the Government through the necessities of the war has been so rapidly increased, and to such an enormous extent, and so loosely placed, as to render the application of the 'one-term principle' absolutely essential to the certain safety of our republican institutions."

The circular then proceeded to extol Mr. CHASE. But the people of the United States had proved ABRAHAM LINCOLN. They had been often impatient with him. He had been called both a slave-hound and a clown. He had been derided as a man who would not move unless he were kicked by public opinion. His policy had been sharply criticised by Senator WADE and HENRY WINTER DAVIS, who were thought to have a great following, and the movement for the renomination was ridiculed as that of mercenaries. But he was renominated by acclamation, and re-elected with enthusiasm; and the gentleman whom the circular commended as the representative of human liberty, of the honor of the nation, and of purity of administration was a candidate for the Presidency in the next National Convention of the Democratic party—a Convention which was controlled by the baffled leaders of rebellion, which virtually declared for repudiation, and which denounced the settlements of the war as revolutionary and void.

The reader who scans the reasons stated for not renominating President LINCOLN will decide whether it would have been better for the country to reject a magistrate whom it had tried, and the general character of whose administration had inspired the deepest trust in his honest and patriotic purpose.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

AT a time when charges of official corruption are so rife upon every hand, and investigations of every kind are proceeding, the paper submitted by the Secretary of the Navy to the committee of the House appointed to inquire into certain charges against him is well worth serious attention. In a series of articles in a New York paper the Secretary had been denounced in the strongest terms as a robber and swindler. At the Secretary's request the House ordered an investigation of the charges, and appointed a committee for that purpose. But the resolution was drawn in a remarkable manner. The committee was authorized not only to investigate the specific irregularities charged, but "to inquire generally into the administration of the affairs of the Navy Department during the incumbency of the present Secretary." The committee invited the editor of the paper which had made the charges to appear before them. He appeared with counsel, and the committee, without requiring him to begin by proving the distinct accusations which had been made, empowered him to summon such witnesses as he chose, and examine them with reference to any irregularities whatever in the conduct of the Navy Department.

It was certainly an extraordinary action. Charges are made against the Secretary of the Navy; the author is summoned to substantiate them; and instead of requiring that he shall do this, the committee constitute him the public prosecutor of the Executive Department of the Government of the United States, sustained by all the power and authority of the House. That is to say, that any body who chooses to make any kind of accusation against a high public officer, instead of being compelled by Congress to prove the allegations, and to state the degree of personal knowledge that he may have of the particular offenses charged, may be delegated by Congress to use its authority to discover if there may not be other irregularities which have not been charged, and which might serve as grounds of impeachment. Under such a practice it would only be necessary for the most irresponsible person to make the falsest and most odious charges, and the House, by its committee, would at once clothe him with all its powers and prerogatives to proceed against a Secretary as if he were a suspected criminal or felon.

In any view of the case, what possible reason could there be for ordering a general investigation into the management of a department except that particular charges against its head had been proved? And if such an investigation were desirable, ought any individual, however respectable, whose only relation to the affair is that he has made unproven charges, to be constituted for that reason the prosecuting agent? The Secretary of the Navy insisted, but in the most respectful manner, that he ought first to be allowed to meet the personal accusations against him, and that this inquiry should have absolute precedence of the other. After hearing the Secretary's clear and conclusive statement, the committee construed their own resolution of permission to the editor to appear with counsel and to examine witnesses as extending only to evidence sustaining the specific charges made. It is fortunate that the original action of the committee was modified, for it is evident that the business of the government would be very seriously perplexed if it were liable to hostile exposure and investigation by every body who is willing, justly or unjustly, to accuse its chief officers. But there still remains the question why so extraordinary a resolution was adopted.

HOW IT IS DONE.

THE reckless manner in which the attempt is constantly made to blacken the character of the President of the United States is well illustrated in a recent article in the New York *World*. It was a leading editorial article, conspicuously displayed, upon the changes in the management of the Erie Railroad; and this is the manner in which the most odious charges are insinuated against the President:

> "*We suspect* that the recent sudden and surprising revolution in the management was the instrument and the mask of one of the most gigantic stock speculations of our time, *and that General* GRANT *himself is an accomplice in the scheme*, and a sharer of the enormous, the prodigious profits of this bold, shrewd, successful, and most colossal operation."

The *World* then proceeds to state "some of the grounds of our suspicions." But there is none of them which implicates the President more than any other man in the country. This, for instance, is a specimen of the "grounds of suspicion" against the President:

> "The Republican journals claim that General SICKLES is the arch contriver of this gigantic speculation. *They say* that the chief object of his return to this country was to engineer this wonderful plot. President GRANT *is understood* to have been in the secret, and nothing is more probable, considering his close and intimate relations with SICKLES. GRANT and SICKLES, as well as JAY GOULD, *have probably* realized vast fortunes out of this cunning movement which was so suddenly exploded upon the public. The community *begins to suspect* that there was a 'pool,' and that among its members were President GRANT" and others. "At all events, the public *would be glad to know* whether these men are not parties to the division of the spoils, and whether they and their associates have not plotted," etc. "If a competent committee of investigation could inquire into this subject *we dare say* there would be curious and 'astounding revelations.'" "Was he [JAY GOULD] all the while in collusion with his pretended enemies....with corresponding gain to GRANT, SICKLES, and the other conspirators?" "Every thing which has been done both at Albany and here has contributed to the success of the GRANT-SICKLES-GOULD 'pool.'"

This amusing miscellany of "they say," "it is understood," "probably," "begins to suspect," "would be glad to know," and aspersions stated as questions, the *World* gravely calls the grounds of "our suspicions," and invites "any responsible member of the pool" to deny its insinuations over his own signature! What profound contempt the *World* must feel for its readers! Yet this is the way in which the effort is made to persuade the country that the President is a corrupt man.

RECORD OF NATURALIZATION.

MR. GARFIELD has introduced an important bill in the House of Representatives, which has been referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. It is a bill to establish a record of naturalization in the Department of State, that there may be always a complete and permanent registry for the convenience both of the citizen and of the government. Certificates of naturalization are frequently lost by change of residence, of which we could mention some very singular illustrations; and the records of the courts in which the act of naturalization is recorded are often imperfect and incomplete. Indeed, the propriety and the value of such a record are so evident that there can be no serious objection to the bill. The act of becoming a citizen of the United States by naturalization, if it be of sufficient importance and dignity to be recorded at all, which will not be questioned, should certainly have a central, accessible, and permanent record.

The bill, therefore, provides that there shall be kept in the Department of State a book in which all declarations of intention to become a citizen, as well as actual naturalization, shall be systematically entered and conveniently kept for ready reference. It provides further that the act of naturalization shall not be legally perfect, with reference to civil and political rights, until the entry shall have been made; and that before issuing certificates of intention or naturalization papers the courts shall forward them to the Department for registration, and only upon certificate that they have been duly entered shall they be delivered to the applicants. The Secretary of State is authorized for a small fee to issue a certified copy of registration to those who have lost their papers, and to publish annually a proper list of all naturalizations. There have been such flagrant abuses of naturalization that we trust the Committee on the Judiciary will favorably report, and without delay, this judicious bill.

PERSONAL.

CONCERNING persons who are said to have been most conspicuous as recent operators in Erie, it is said that RICHARD SCHELL (who, when he operates, does it on a grand old scale), WILLIAM R. TRAVERS, and JAY GOULD have been the most successful. The Mr. GREEN who was a few days since elected a director in place of JAY GOULD is the same Mr. GREEN who a few years ago married the incredibly opulent Miss HOWLAND, the New Bedford heiress, who succeeded to her fortune after a sharp contest in the courts. Mr. GREEN held some five millions of dollars of the stock at the commencement of the late struggle, and his gains thereby are supposed to be quite beyond the computative power of the multiplication table. Mr. DANIEL DREW, who has agreed to deliver to DUNCAN, SHERMAN, & Co., at his option within ten months, 50,000 shares of the stock at 55 (par $5,000,000), and has deposited $1,000,000 to guarantee the contract, D., S., & Co. doing the same, has been offered by a foreign house $200,000 for his contract; but as he confidently relies upon making a million, the paltry profit was rejected with disdain.

—FARRAGUT is to be statuated. A joint resolution has been reported from the Congressional Committee on Public Buildings to erect a colossal statue to him in Farragut Square, Washington.

—Judge DAVID DAVIS is a relative of the late Bishop PHILANDER CHASE and of the Chief Justice. He entered Kenyon College when the bishop founded it, and graduated four years after, in 1832.

—JOSEPH WASHINGTON, born a slave in Kentucky, and an *attaché* of the 112th Illinois Volunteers, died last week at Cambridge, Illinois. Not long ago he expressed a wish to be "buried in de church if it didn't cost too much; but," he added, regretfully, "I s'pect it will."

—Abbé LISZT, who, after all, has seemed to have rather failed to become the favorite he desired to be with the great ecclesiastical dignitaries at Rome, is at present occupied in composing an oratorio, "Stanislaus," which will be a side piece to his "Saint Elizabeth." The text is taken from Polish history.

—The Archbishop of Lima, who died on the 19th of February, was in certain particulars the most conspicuous prelate of his Church. He was eighty-eight years of age, and for fifty years had held the office of bishop. He was the eldest bishop and oldest archbishop in the Catholic hierarchy—the first by reason of seniority, the second by reason of age. But the great point about the old gentleman is the fact that he was supposed to be the richest man in South America, his property at the lowest estimate amounting to twenty millions. Aside from his intense desire to accumulate riches, his life was spotless and his virtues many.

—It is now understood that the Marquis of Bute, Great Britain's richest Catholic peer, is to wed Miss HOWARD, in whose veins "flows all the blood of all the HOWARDS," on the 16th of April.

—ALEXANDER MILUTINE, the Russian Minister of the Interior, who died recently, was the person who originated the movement for the emancipation of the serfs.

—M. GAMBETTA, by way of diversifying statesmanship with grape culture, has purchased the vineyard of Carbonnieux, in the Gironde, for the sum of 1,300,000 francs in ready money.

—The author of "Puss-Cat Mew," a fairy story published by the HARPERS, is Mr. EDWARD HUGESSEN KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN—a name that seems bewitched itself. He is a member of Parliament, about forty years old, has held office in various administrations, is at present Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and speaks frequently in the House of Commons. Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY describes him as "tall, gaunt, awkward, with thin gray hair, and a fringe of no-colored beard coursing round his face from ear to chin and chin to ear, without overreaching in any manner on the face itself, so that the visage seems to look at you out of a frame—a face, too, without the least expression, although the deep hard lines are dug into it as with a gigantic graver."

—Mr. JOSEPH HOWE, of Nova Scotia, Secretary of State for the Canadian Provinces, said in a recent speech before the Young Men's Christian Association of Ottawa, that "in no country he had ever heard or read of in ancient times was the strain on the mental and bodily powers of the whole population greater than in the New Dominion. They could not afford to have an idler or a laggard. They were not 4,000,000, all told, and had undertaken to govern half a continent, with 40,000,000 of ambitious and aggressive people on the other side of a frontier 3000 miles long."

—Lord LYTTON has declined to accept the office of Lord Rector of St. Andrew's, which fell to him by the reason that Mr. RUSKIN, who had been his successful antagonist at the polls, has been declared legally ineligible.

—Among the recent deaths in England is that of Lord Lonsdale, one of the most influential of the Tory peers. He was a man of much capacity, who, though he never took any but subordinate place, was one of the permanent chiefs of his party; but his main interest for mankind is that Mr. DISRAELI sketched him in several novels as Lord Eskdale, one of the few portraits into which he has infused no touch of satire. If Lord Lonsdale was really Lord Eskdale, he was a man who misused powers which might have made him a Palmerston in the dilettant cultivation of art, society, and amusement. Capable of judging any thing, he judged French novels and old china. He was a man who needed nothing but bankruptcy to make himself a most useful member of the community.

—"I think there be two WILSONS in the field" for the Vice-Presidency—JAMES F., of Iowa, and HENRY, of Massachusetts. The latter, now just sixty years old, was elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts thirty-two years ago, and has been constantly in public life ever since. JAMES F. WILSON was only twelve years old when HENRY WILSON first took to politics, but he, too, has done the state much service. He was born in 1828, and in 1856 was elected a member of the convention to revise the constitution of Iowa. Since then he has been almost continuously in public life. During the 38th, 39th, and 40th Congresses he was chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House—the youngest man who had held that position. He was one of the managers in the impeachment trial of ANDREW JOHNSON. Two cabinet offices were successively offered to him by President GRANT and declined. He is one of the very ablest and strongest men in the country.

—Our Commissioner to Geneva, Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, has a son, JOHN QUINCY, who has twice been the candidate of the Democratic party for Governor of Massachusetts. Said the father one day, "My son, do you think you know enough to be Governor of Massachusetts?" To which the youth answered, "Well, I probably shall by the time I am elected."

—The King of Spain has sent to the Count of Flanders a collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece—the identical one which FERDINAND and ISABELLA gave to COLUMBUS when he was made a knight of the order.

—Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON tells us that "sculpture and painting have an effect to teach us manners and abolish hurry." Mr. E. has a constitution of his own that is capable of enduring great repose, and he probably speaks from experience.

—Mrs. JOSEPH T. FALES, wife of the first State Auditor of Iowa, is said to have been the first lady in the United States who visited the camps of our soldiery and ministered to the wants of the sick. In early June, 1861, she was on the field near Washington.

—"The books of the Marquis de Morante were sold last month in Madrid, about 120,000 of them. He was rector of the University of Madrid, and lost his life in a queer sort of way, for he was killed by falling from his library ladder. The fact is suggestive of very high shelves, of a very long ladder, and of a great many books. Whether to die that way would be bliss to your confirmed bibliomaniac, we do not know. When men go to the grave, it is understood that worms eat them (SHAKSPEARE), and that grave-worms will eat even book-worms seems reasonably certain." We quote the preceding from the *Tribune*. It is an interesting "personal," and seems to have been carefully and conscientiously worked up—especially the wormy part.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the House of Representatives, March 25, a bill was passed securing homesteads on the public lands to honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, and their widows and minor children. The Secretary of the Navy was authorized to contract for a statue of Admiral Farragut, to be erected in Washington, at a cost not to exceed $20,000. Amendments to the Tariff bill releasing salt and coal from taxation were voted down in the Senate, March 26. The Finance Committee's bill amending the tariff was passed by the Senate, March 28, with but slight modifications. Tea and coffee were placed on the free list, and reductions were made on other articles sufficient to lessen the revenue by about $55,000,000, it is thought. In the House, on the same day, the Chicago Relief bill was passed, with an amendment exempting lumber from its operations.

Baulch and Haggerty, the alleged voucher thieves, were admitted to bail in $5000 each by Judge Cardozo, March 25.

Ten men were badly injured by an explosion of sulphur at Locust Dale, Pennsylvania, March 26.

The price of Erie stock rose as high as 67, March 26, and there was intense excitement on the "street."

An earthquake shook the State of California early on the morning of March 26. At Lone Pine the buildings crumbled and fell, burying the whole population beneath the ruins. More than thirty persons were killed, and at least a hundred were injured. At Visalia goods were thrown from the shelves in stores, and the walls of many buildings were cracked.

The Iowa Republican State Convention was held at Des Moines, March 27. Delegates to the National Convention were chosen, and resolutions indorsing President Grant and Senator Wilson were adopted.

The Ohio Republican State Convention met at Columbus, March 27. Captain A. T. Wykoff was nominated for Secretary of State, and delegates to the National Convention were chosen. Resolutions were passed favoring Grant for President and William Dennison for Vice-President.

The New York and Philadelphia Railroad bill was defeated in the New Jersey Senate, March 28.

The Committee of Seventy's New York Charter passed the Senate, March 29, by a vote of 18 to 9.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British Budget was submitted to Parliament March 25. It shows the estimated expenses of last year £72,736,000, while the actual expenditure was £71,720,000. The estimated receipts were £72,315,000, while the actual receipts were £74,535,000. The estimated receipts for the coming year are £74,915,000, the estimated expenses £71,313,000.

In the British House of Commons, March 26, the War Secretary admitted that the harbor and coast defenses of Leith and Glasgow were comparatively insecure, but urged that Liverpool should first be protected. The duties on coffee and chiccory were reduced by the House fifty per cent.

Another English ram, the *Thunderer*, has been launched.

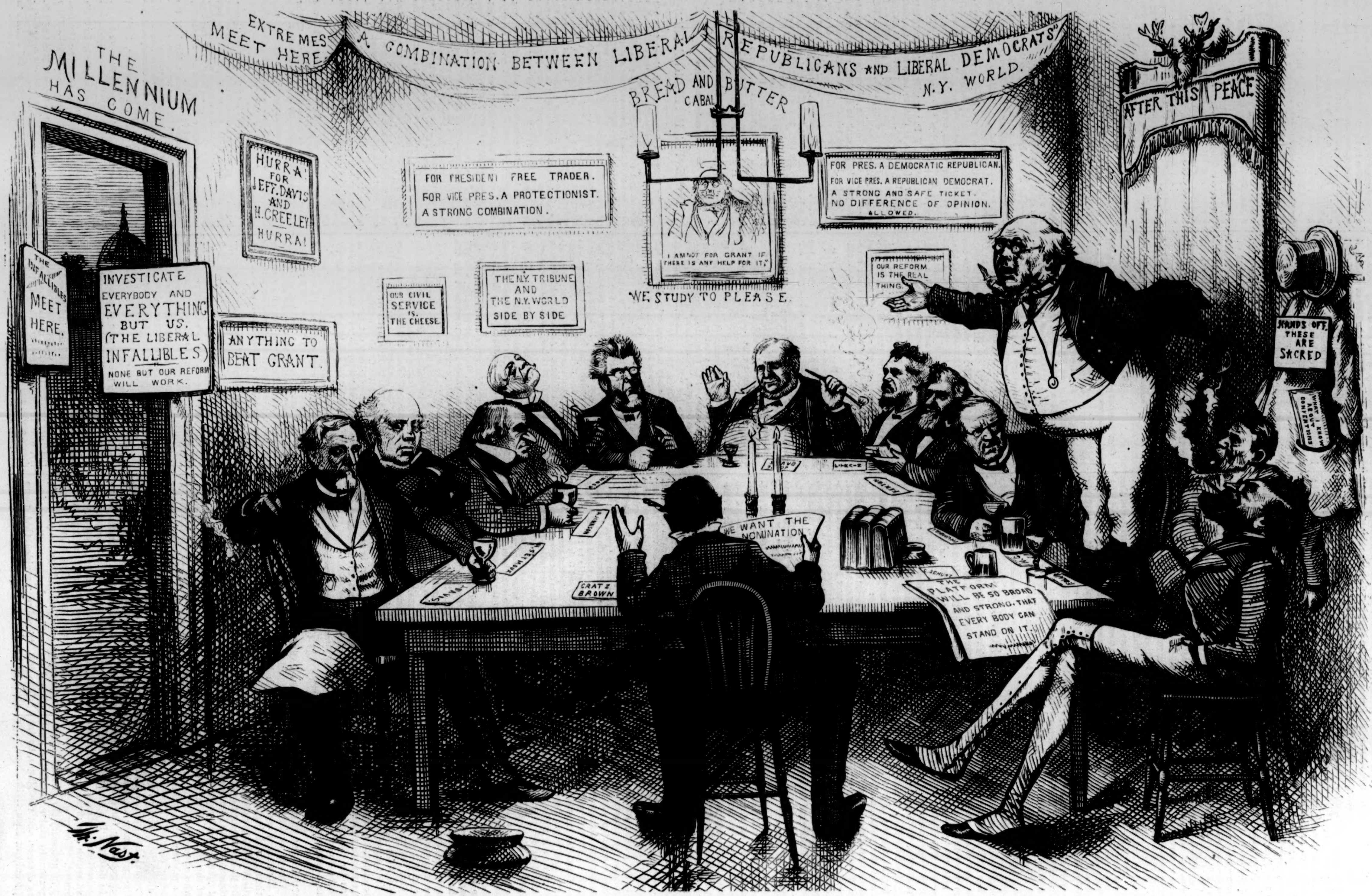
The Tichborne pretender, now in Newgate, has appealed to the public for aid to make his defense against the charges of perjury and forgery.

The Paris police have arrested Lutz, the leader of the incendiaries under the Commune.

Bebel and Liebknecht, tried at Leipsic for high treason, have been sentenced to imprisonment for two years.

A steam-boiler exploded in Brussels, March 26, killing eight persons outright, and wounding many others.

The Mexican revolution is thought to be near its end, and the complete triumph of the Juarists is looked for speedily.


THE MILLENNIUM HAS COME.
EXTREMES MEET HERE.
"A COMBINATION BETWEEN LIBERAL REPUBLICANS AND LIBERAL DEMOCRATS" N.Y. WORLD.
BREAD AND BUTTER CABAL
AFTER THIS PEACE
THE INFALLIBLES MEET HERE.
INVESTIGATE EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING BUT US. (THE LIBERAL INFALLIBLES) NONE BUT OUR REFORM WILL WORK.
HURRA FOR JEFF. DAVIS AND H. GREELEY HURRA!
ANYTHING TO BEAT GRANT.
FOR PRESIDENT FREE TRADER. FOR VICE PRES. A PROTECTIONIST. A STRONG COMBINATION.
OUR CIVIL SERVICE IS THE CHEESE.
THE N.Y. TRIBUNE AND THE N.Y. WORLD SIDE BY SIDE
I AM NOT FOR GRANT IF THERE IS ANY HELP FOR IT.
WE STUDY TO PLEASE.
FOR PRES. A DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN. FOR VICE PRES. A REPUBLICAN DEMOCRAT. A STRONG AND SAFE TICKET. NO DIFFERENCE OF OPINION. ALLOWED.
OUR REFORM IS THE REAL THING.
HANDS OFF. THESE ARE SACRED
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT CONVENTIONS
WE WANT THE NOMINATION
THE PLATFORM WILL BE SO BROAD AND STRONG, THAT EVERY BODY CAN STAND ON IT.
DAVIS
H. SEYMOUR
CRATZ BROWN
C. SCHURZ
Th: Nast.

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION, IN A PICKWICKIAN SENSE.

Horace Pickwick. "Men and Brethren! A new leaf must be turned over, or there are breakers ahead. The Cincinnati Convention may prove a fiasco, or it may name the next President."

ROMISH CRUELTY.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THAT cruel and murderous spirit, a trait of the dangerous classes who are found in most Romish countries, has received a new exemplification in a probably fatal assault upon a teacher in Pennsylvania. Nothing so frightful in religious history has recently occurred. In Italy and even Spain the hand of the Romish assassin has been stayed; it is left for America to offer the worst examples of papal cruelty and intolerance, and to witness patiently outrages that in Rome or Vienna would meet with instant and terrible retribution. In the town of Centralia, Pennsylvania, E. C. GREENE, a teacher generally esteemed, and of superior ability, is at the head of one of the public schools. He happened, in private conversation, to reply vigorously to a Romish acquaintance who argued against Protestantism, and had treated it with little respect. The conversation was reported to the priest; the next Sunday the Romish children were forbidden to attend the school; an effort was soon after made to remove GREENE from his position; when the School Board refused to consent, the Roman Catholics formed a plot to murder him. Since the death of JEAN CALAS, at Toulouse, indeed, no act of religious violence has surpassed in cold, vindictive malice this dreadful scene enacted in a small town of Pennsylvania, under the protection of American law.

One morning the teacher—and it was but a few days ago—entered his school. He found sitting there three men whom he did not know, and one pupil, a Miss STRAUSER. The strangers had inquired for Mr. GREENE of the young girl, and were waiting for him. She saw them enter into conversation with him, but as he bent down over the stove to open the door one of the men struck him a severe blow with a slung-shot. She now strove to escape, but a ruffian seized her and threatened to shoot her if she dared to give the alarm. With what terror and confusion we may well imagine, Miss STRAUSER was forced to look on while the assassins beat the teacher until they thought him dead, and then *cut off one of his ears*. They made their escape, and although several persons have been arrested and taken before Miss STRAUSER, she has not been able to identify any one of them. It is possible that horror and alarm may have confused her senses. Meantime Mr. GREENE lies in a dying condition. After his terrible wounds he contrived to get up, walk out of the school-house, and was found lying upon the earth bleeding and insensible. His head is severely cut, his skull fractured in two places, one ear entirely gone, and his mind has not sufficiently returned to enable him to relate the particulars of the assault, or describe the persons who attacked him.

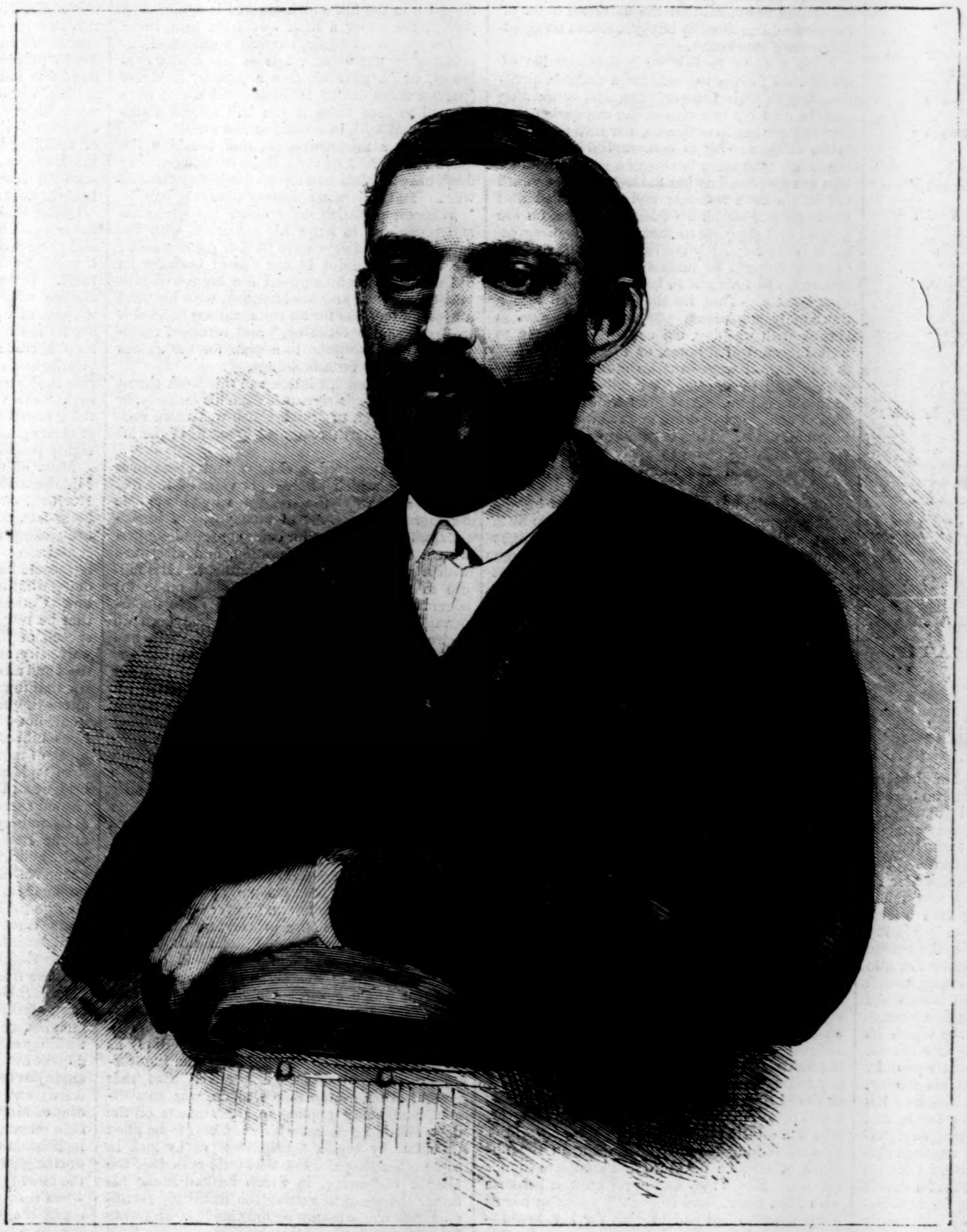
That a citizen holding one of the most respectable and useful stations in the community, the head of a public school, should be set upon by assassins because he spoke openly in defense of his religion, is a circumstance in itself sufficiently shocking. No one's life or person, it seems, is any longer safe who ventures to doubt the divinity of Mary or the supreme prerogatives of the pope. He is liable to have his skull fractured, his ears cut off, to be exposed without protection to the utmost malice of that large criminal population that seems to grow up naturally under the shelter of the Romish Church. Statistics show that more than three-fourths of our criminals and paupers are Roman Catholics. In the city of Rome, under the papal rule, the number of murders and assassinations in proportion to its population was infinitely greater than in any other city. But the circumstances attending the assault upon Mr. GREENE serve to render it singularly alarming. For some time before it occurred the town of Centralia had been filled by the Romish priests and their adherents with pamphlets denouncing the public schools. The Romish population had been excited to intense fanaticism. The priest aided in encouraging the dangerous spirit of the people, and the assassins seem to have been urged on to their dreadful deed by the open countenance of the Romish Church; nor have priests or people repented of their crime even in the presence of their dying victim. It is stated that many Roman Catholics exult over his fate, and declare that he shall never be allowed to leave the town alive. Several Protestants who expressed their sympathy for the teacher have been threatened with violence, and are now removing from Centralia with their families, lest they, too, may be assaulted, maimed, or murdered.

What patriotic American can hear without shame and indignation this last outrage of the Romish population? Is freedom of speech no longer to be known among us? Is the press to be silenced by the worst elements of society? Shall a foreign sect be permitted to encourage in our midst murderers and assassins? A feeble effort has been made in a Roman Catholic periodical to remove from its people the odium of a long series of acts of violence fatal to the peace of the community by asserting that other sects are equally guilty with its own. But this assertion is plainly untrue. No other religious sect assaults teachers as at Hunter's Point, or leaves them bleeding and dying as in the school-house at Centralia. A Romish mob struck down with fearful wounds an ardent preacher at Ogdensburg and another at Scranton. Three times have the streets of New York been filled with bloodshed and terror by the religious bigotry of its Romish population. The Romish press, on several occasions before the fall of the priestly rule in our city, strove to excite its people to assault publishers and authors who ventured to denounce the fatal spread of Romish influence, the corruption and degradation of the Romish officials; nor is there any part of the country that does not abound in constant proofs of the malice and the cruelty that prevail unrestrained amidst the ignorant members of that sect which alone opposes the education of the people. It is the bigotry of ignorance and of selfish isolation that has made our Romish population the source of political tumults, of private assassinations, of unbounded pauperism and crime. It is at the direct command of an Italian priest that they are taught to hate the teacher and the public school, to separate themselves from their fellow-citizens in the sloth and pride of a barbarous degradation, to create in our midst a mental China or Japan, and fill the cities of the New World with the cruelty and the vice that have just been expelled from the capitals of Europe.

Accomplished, intelligent, respected by the good and wise, Mr. E. C. GREENE has fallen a victim to the malice of a foreign sect and Italian priests. If he recovers, he will always bear with him the marks of the persecutor's hand; if he dies, his death will call down a bitter retribution upon the priests and the people who have plotted his destruction. Will any patriotic American rest for a moment while this great crime goes unpunished—while the martyr to his faith is dead and his assassins are hidden by the sympathy of his religious opponents? Nothing but the most rigorous inquiry, the most decided punishment, will satisfy the indignation of the people. It is a case in which every citizen should interest himself, since it involves the welfare of all; it differs from every common assassination, since it is the most fearful of a long series of acts of sectarian bigotry, of papal assaults upon the free school and the freedom of the intellect. Let every patriotic American aid in enforcing the rigors of the law, let the common voice of the country put an end at once to this reign of terror which the foreign priests would establish among us, and the wounds of the martyred teacher at Centralia will not have cried out in vain.

The condition of our foreign Romish population, in fact, is become so dangerous to public order and good morals as to require immediate legislative action. The poor vanity, the diseased intellect, of an Italian pope has roused his spiritual subjects to new violence, to unexampled fanaticism. The ignorant and half-savage throngs who have swarmed over the ocean from the Irish shores are taught by their priests and bishops to avoid the softening influence of American civilization and live in isolated barbarism. "We will not permit our children to attend the same schools with yours, lest their faith and morals suffer," exclaims a Romish paper, representing a population from whence come two-thirds of the criminals that prey upon the community. "We refuse to pay your school tax," adds another, conscious at the same moment that eighty per cent. of the public and private charity distributed annually in the great American cities is doled out to Roman Catholic paupers, who, if they were educated, might maintain themselves. A Romish bishop in the West urges his flock to prefer ignorance to instruction at the public school; would revive the happy day when in Ireland the priest stood in the road that led to the parish school-house and whipped the children who attempted to enter back to their hovels. But it is quite impossible for any modern community to permit any portion of its members to remain in this dangerous condition; and every free state is entitled to insist that its voters shall be properly prepared for their important duties. We welcome the emigrants of Europe to our shores; but self-preservation demands that they shall submit to the processes necessary for their purification and enlightenment: at least their children must be made to pass through the alembic of the public school, and be transformed into conscientious freemen.

Compulsory education is admitted in Europe to be the only effective means of combating pauperism and crime. The outcries of the priests have been every where disregarded; the idle prejudices of the superstitious treated with contempt; nor can the triumph of the system be longer delayed in our own country. We are weary of recording the growing series of Romish outrages. The assassins of Centralia, the Protestant families flying from persecution, the triumph and exultation of the instigators of the crime, the martyred teacher, must arouse the nation to decided action. If the Romish priests still object to the purification, the reform of their people, they may be pointed, as a conclusive argument, to their most recent victim—his fractured skull, his maimed head, and shattered brain.



EDWARD C. GREENE—ANOTHER VICTIM OF ROMAN CATHOLIC PERSECUTION.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. ROSENSTOCK, BLOOMSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.]

THE WAR GAME.

THIS game, or rather method of instruction, was first invented by a Prussian gentleman who was interested in the study of campaigns, and who found that the best method of acquiring knowledge of the movements of troops was to imitate them on the map by means of movable blocks. He then endeavored to work out problems of evolutions, laying down rules for the guidance of the sham armies. His son, a Prussian officer, seized on the idea and enlarged upon it, until the game became an imitation of war fought by small blocks made according to scale to represent battalions, companies, regiments of cavalry, squadrons, batteries, pontoon trains, and even skirmishers and patrols. The game soon became popular among Prussian officers, and was used in the war schools as one of the principal means of instruction in strategy and tactics.

The method of playing is as follows: the map to represent the theatre of war, possibly fifteen or twenty miles square, firmly stretched on blocks, is placed on a table. It is first carefully studied by the players, who may also avail themselves of private maps for reference. Short general directions are given by the umpire, stating the purpose of the campaign, together with private orders giving broad directions for each of the opposed generals. The troops represented by the red and blue blocks, numbering perhaps 10,000 men on either side, are handed over to the players, who place them separately on the board in the positions indicated by the umpire as the localities from which the armies are to commence the campaign. The first practice, therefore, is the arrangement of the outposts and of the bivouac. Neither player sees his opponent's army, excepting as far as he can ascertain its dispositions by pushing forward patrols and advanced guards. The umpire alone sees the whole disposition of the forces. The time of year is settled upon, as on it various conditions of the tactics, such as the length of day, the state of roads, etc., depend.

Each player moves in turn, the adversary leaving the room until the move or moves are completed, and the portion of the map occupied by the troops out of sight of his patrols is covered up. The moves represent the space over which artillery, cavalry, and infantry can march at the various paces of each arm in a given time—*i. e.*, two minutes. The orders issued to the officer or officers in charge of detached portions of the armies, say the advanced guard, must be given precisely by the general, who can only convey his orders by aids-de-camp moving over the map at a fixed rate of speed. As the armies approach each other and the troops come under fire a new phase of the game develops itself. The losses have to be estimated, and these are calculated by carefully prepared tables, the various circumstances, such as troops being covered by intrenchments, or a wrong estimate of distance at which fire is opened, being taken into consideration.

The element of chance, or, rather, of conditions which are not governed by rules, is imitated by employing dice; the chances for and against the particular regiment, squadron, or battery being taken from the tables, and then settled by lot. Thus the action gradually develops itself as each portion of the army comes on the battle-field, and it is decided, as in real war, by the success or defeat of the various detachments. The more the game is made to represent real service the more instructive and interesting it becomes. It must be played under the rules of strict discipline, and the decision of the umpire must be regarded as unimpeachable.

The war game is not only used in the German war schools, but is the amusement and study of Generals Von Moltke, Von Blumenthal, and Prince Frederick Charles, and other officers whom the last two great European wars have brought prominently forward. It is not suited for young officers, but in the hands of instructed soldiers becomes a means of acquiring knowledge which no other method affords. The very questions which arise during the game lead up to discussions on the most difficult of military problems, and direct the attention of officers to the details of their profession.

LOVE SONG.

O THOU whose image brightly beamed
Before my spirit's sight,
While Luna's star-gemmed tresses streamed
Across the breast of Night—
Couldst thou with wonted calmness sleep,
And I so wildly wake and weep?

Did not the murmurs of thy name,
With prayers and blessings blent,
Reach thee and wrap thee, as with flame,
Most heavenly innocent?
Could barriers of space and sense
Avail 'gainst Love's omnipotence?

Once every nerve was strangely thrilled;
The night-charmed atmosphere
Seemed with the soul of Music filled,
As when thou drawest near:
Did then my yearning passion's prayer
Prevail, and draw thy spirit there?

Weak words! how poorly do ye prove
My heart's delicious pain!
Delicious with the thought, "I love—
Love—and am loved again!
Not now for Beauty, nor for Youth,
But for dear sake of Love and Truth!"

Why should I mourn the foolish Youth
And Fairness that have fled?
With better gifts of Love and Truth
Time blesses me instead;
That turn the dews of youth to wine,
Its dreams to certainties divine!

For, godlike in thy strength, thou art
Master and guide to me;
So wisdom tones thy fiery heart
To grand serenity!
King o'er thyself, thy regnant will
Calms my wild heart with "*Peace, be still!*"

(Continued from No. 795, page 231.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book III.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

CHAPTER XXIII.

> "Your horses of the Sun," he said,
> "And first-rate whip Apollo!
> Whate'er they be, I'll eat my head,
> But I will beat them hollow."

FRED VINCY, we have seen, had a debt on his mind, and though no such immaterial burden could depress that buoyant-hearted young gentleman for many hours together, there were circumstances connected with this debt which made the thought of it unusually importunate. The creditor was Mr. Bambridge, a horse-dealer of the neighborhood, whose company was much sought in Middlemarch by young men understood to be "addicted to pleasure." During the vacations Fred had naturally required more amusements than he had ready money for, and Mr. Bambridge had been accommodating enough not only to trust him for the hire of horses and the accidental expense of ruining a fine hunter, but also to make a small advance by which he might be able to meet some losses at billiards. The total debt was a hundred and sixty pounds. Bambridge was in no alarm about his money, being sure that young Vincy had backers; but he had required something to show for it, and Fred had at first given a bill with his own signature. Three months later he had renewed this bill with the signature of Caleb Garth. On both occasions Fred had felt confident that he should meet the bill himself, having ample funds at disposal in his own hopefulness. You will hardly demand that his confidence should have a basis in external facts; such confidence, we know, is something less coarse and materialistic: it is a comfortable disposition leading us to expect that the wisdom of providence or the folly of our friends, the mysteries of luck or the still greater mystery of our high individual value in the universe, will bring about agreeable issues, such as are consistent with our good taste in costume, and our general preference for the best style of thing. Fred felt sure that he should have a present from his uncle, that he should have a run of luck, that by dint of "swapping" he should gradually metamorphose a horse worth forty pounds into a horse that would fetch a hundred at any moment—"judgment" being always equivalent to an unspecified sum in hard cash. And in any case, even supposing negations which only a morbid distrust could imagine, Fred had always (at that time) his father's pocket as a last resource, so that his assets of hopefulness had a sort of gorgeous superfluity about them. Of what might be the capacity of his father's pocket Fred had only a vague notion: was not trade elastic? And would not the deficiencies of one year be made up for by the surplus of another? The Vincys lived in an easy profuse way, not with any new ostentation, but according to the family habits and traditions, so that the children had no standard of economy, and the elder ones retained some of their infantine notion that their father might pay for any thing if he would. Mr. Vincy himself had expensive Middlemarch habits—spent money on coursing, on his cellar, and on dinner-giving; while mamma had those running accounts with trades-people, which give a cheerful sense of getting every thing one wants without any question of payment. But it was in the nature of fathers, Fred knew, to bully one about expenses: there was always a little storm over his extravagance if he had to disclose a debt, and Fred disliked bad weather within-doors. He was too filial to be disrespectful to his father, and he bore the thunder with the certainty that it was transient; but in the mean time it was disagreeable to see his mother cry, and also to be obliged to look sulky instead of having fun; for Fred was so good-tempered that if he looked glum under scolding, it was chiefly for propriety's sake. The easier course, plainly, was to renew the bill with a friend's signature. Why not? With the superfluous securities of hope at his command, there was no reason why he should not have increased other people's liabilities to any extent but for the fact that men whose names were good for any thing were usually pessimists, indisposed to believe that the universal order of things would necessarily be agreeable to an agreeable young gentleman.

With a favor to ask we review our list of friends, do justice to their more amiable qualities, forgive their little offenses, and concerning each in turn try to arrive at the conclusion that he will be eager to oblige us, our own eagerness to be obliged being as communicable as other warmth. Still there is always a certain number who are dismissed as but moderately eager until the others have refused; and it happened that Fred checked off all his friends but one, on the ground that applying to them would be disagreeable; being implicitly convinced that he at least (whatever might be maintained about mankind generally) had a right to be free from any thing disagreeable. That he should ever fall into a thoroughly unpleasant position—wear trowsers shrunk with washing, eat cold mutton, have to walk for want of a horse, or to "duck under" in any sort of way—was an absurdity irreconcilable with those cheerful intuitions implanted in him by nature. And Fred winced under the idea of being looked down upon as wanting funds for small debts. Thus it came to pass that the friend whom he chose to apply to was at once the poorest and the kindest—namely, Caleb Garth.

The Garths were very fond of Fred, as he was of them; for when he and Rosamond were little ones, and the Garths were better off, the slight connection between the two families through Mr. Featherstone's double marriage (the first to Mr. Garth's sister, and the second to Mrs. Vincy's) had led to an acquaintance which was carried on between the children rather than the parents: the children drank tea together out of their toy tea-cups, and spent whole days together in play. Mary was a little hoyden, and Fred, at six years old, thought her the nicest girl in the world, making her his wife with a brass ring which he had cut from an umbrella. Through all the stages of his education he had kept his affection for the Garths, and his habit of going to their house as a second home, though any intercourse between them and the elders of his family had long ceased. Even when Caleb Garth was prosperous, the Vincys were on condescending terms with him and his wife, for there were nice distinctions of rank in Middlemarch; and though old manufacturers could not any more than dukes be connected with any but equals, they were conscious of an inherent social superiority, which was defined with great nicety in practice, though hardly expressible theoretically. Since then Mr. Garth had failed in the building business, which he had unfortunately added to his other avocations of surveyor, valuer, and agent, had conducted that business for a time entirely for the benefit of his assignees, and had been living narrowly, exerting himself to the utmost that he might, after all, pay twenty shillings in the pound. He had now achieved this, and from all who did not think it a bad precedent his honorable exertions had won him due esteem; but in no part of the world is genteel visiting founded on esteem, in the absence of suitable furniture and complete dinner service. Mrs. Vincy had never been at her ease with Mrs. Garth, and frequently spoke of her as a woman who had had to work for her bread—meaning that Mrs. Garth had been a teacher before her marriage; in which case an intimacy with Lindley Murray and Mangnall's Questions was something like a draper's discrimination of calico trade-marks, or a courier's acquaintance with foreign countries: no woman who was better off needed that sort of thing. And since Mary had been keeping Mr. Featherstone's house Mrs. Vincy's want of liking for the Garths had been converted into something more positive by alarm lest Fred should engage himself to this plain girl, whose parents "lived in such a small way." Fred, being aware of this, never spoke at home of his visits to Mrs. Garth, which had of late become more frequent, the increasing ardor of his affection for Mary inclining him the more toward those who belonged to her.

Mr. Garth had a small office in the town, and to this Fred went with his request. He obtained it without much difficulty, for a large amount of painful experience had not sufficed to make Caleb Garth cautious about his own affairs, or distrustful of his fellow-men when they had not proved themselves untrustworthy; and he had the highest opinion of Fred; was "sure the lad would turn out well: an open affectionate fellow, with a good bottom to his character—you might trust him for any thing." Such was Caleb's psychological argument. He was one of those rare men who are rigid to themselves and indulgent to others. He had a certain shame about his neighbors' errors, and never spoke of them willingly; hence he was not likely to divert his mind from the best mode of hardening timber and other ingenious devices in order to preconceive those errors. If he had to blame any one, it was necessary for him to move all the papers within his reach, or describe various diagrams with his stick, or make calculations with the odd money in his pocket, before he could begin; and he would rather do other men's work than find fault with their doing. I fear he was a bad disciplinarian.

When Fred stated the circumstances of his debt, his wish to meet it without troubling his father, and the certainty that the money would be forthcoming so as to cause no one any inconvenience, Caleb pushed his spectacles upward, listened, looked into his favorite's clear young eyes, and believed him, not distinguishing confidence about the future from veracity about the past; but he felt that it was an occasion for a friendly hint as to conduct, and that before giving his signature he must give a rather strong admonition. Accordingly he took the paper and lowered his spectacles, measured the space at his command, reached his pen and examined it, dipped it in the ink and examined it again, then pushed the paper a little way from him, lifted up his spectacles again, showed a deepened depression in the outer angle of his bushy eyebrows, which gave his face a peculiar mildness (pardon these details for once—you would have learned to love them if you had known Caleb Garth), and said, in a comfortable tone,

"It was a misfortune, eh, that breaking the horse's knees? And then, these exchanges, they don't answer when you have 'cute jockeys to deal with. You'll be wiser another time, my boy."

Whereupon Caleb drew down his spectacles and proceeded to write his signature, with the care which he always gave to that performance; for whatever he did in the way of business he did well. He contemplated the large well-proportioned letters and final flourish, with his head a trifle on one side for an instant, then handed it to Fred, said "Good-by," and returned forthwith to his absorption in a plan for Sir James Chettam's new farm-buildings.

Either because his interest in this work thrust the incident of the signature from his memory, or for some reason of which Caleb was more conscious, Mrs. Garth remained ignorant of the affair.

Since it occurred a change had come over Fred's sky, which altered his view of the distance, and was the reason why his uncle Featherstone's present of money was of importance enough to make his color come and go, first with a too definite expectation, and afterward with a proportionate disappointment. His failure in passing his examination had made his accumulation of college debts the more unpardonable by his father, and there had been an unprecedented storm at home. Mr. Vincy had sworn that if he had any thing more of that sort to put up with, Fred should turn out and get his living how he could; and he had never yet quite recovered his good-humored tone to his son, who had especially enraged him by saying at this stage of things that he did not want to be a clergyman, and would rather not "go on with that." Fred was conscious that he would have been yet more severely dealt with if his family as well as himself had not secretly regarded him as Mr. Featherstone's heir; that old gentleman's pride in him, and apparent fondness for him, serving in the stead of more exemplary conduct—just as when a youthful nobleman steals jewelry we call the act kleptomania, speak of it with a philosophical smile, and never think of his being sent to the house of correction as if he were a ragged boy who had stolen turnips. In fact, tacit expectations of what would be done for him by Uncle Featherstone determined the angle at which most people viewed Fred Vincy in Middlemarch; and in his own consciousness what Uncle Featherstone would do for him in an emergency, or what he would do simply as an incorporated luck, formed always an immeasurable depth of aerial perspective. But that present of bank-notes, once made, was measurable, and being applied to the amount of the debt, showed a deficit which had still to be filled up either by Fred's "judgment" or by luck in some other shape. For that little episode of the alleged borrowing, in which he had made his father the agent in getting the Bulstrode certificate, was a new reason against going to his father for money toward meeting his actual debt. Fred was keen enough to foresee that anger would confuse distinctions, and that his denial of having borrowed expressly on the strength of his uncle's will would be taken as a falsehood. He had gone to his father and told him one vexatious affair, and he had left another untold: in such cases the complete revelation always produces the impression of a previous duplicity. Now Fred piqued himself on keeping clear of lies, and even fibs; he often shrugged his shoulders and made a significant grimace at what he called Rosamond's fibs (it is only brothers who can associate such ideas with a lovely girl); and rather than incur the accusation of falsehood he would even incur some trouble and self-restraint. It was under strong inward pressure of this kind that Fred had taken the wise step of depositing the eighty pounds with his mother. It was a pity that he had not at once given them to Mr. Garth; but he meant to make the sum complete with another sixty, and with a view to this he had kept twenty pounds in his own pocket as a sort of seed-corn, which, planted by judgment and watered by luck, might yield more than threefold—a very poor rate of multiplication when the field is a young gentleman's infinite soul, with all the numerals at command.

Fred was not a gambler: he had not that specific disease in which the suspension of the whole nervous energy on a chance or risk becomes as necessary as the dram to the drunkard; he had only the tendency to that diffusive form of gambling which has no alcoholic intensity, but is carried on with the healthiest chyle-fed blood, keeping up a joyous imaginative activity which fashions events according to desire, and having no fears about its own weather, only sees the advantage there must be to others in going aboard with it. Hopefulness has a pleasure in making a throw of any kind, because the prospect of success is certain; and only a more generous pleasure in offering as many as possible a share in the stake. Fred liked play, especially billiards, as he liked hunting or riding a steeple-chase; and he only liked it the better because he wanted money and hoped to win. But the twenty pounds' worth of seed-corn had been planted in vain in the seductive green plot—all of it, at least, which had not been dispersed by the road-side—and Fred found himself close upon the term of payment with no money at command beyond the eighty pounds which he had deposited with his mother. The broken-winded horse which he rode represented a present which had been made to him a long while ago by his uncle Featherstone; his father always allowed him to keep a horse, Mr. Vincy's own habits making him regard this as a reasonable demand even for a son who was rather exasperating. This horse, then, was Fred's property, and in his anxiety to meet the imminent bill he determined to sacrifice a possession without which life would certainly be worth little. He made the resolution with a sense of heroism—heroism forced on him by the dread of breaking his word to Mr. Garth, by his love for Mary and awe of her opinion. He would start for Houndsley horse-fair, which was to be held the next morning, and—simply sell his horse, bringing back the money by coach?—Well, the horse would hardly fetch more than thirty pounds, and there was no knowing what might happen: it would be folly to balk himself of luck beforehand. It was a hundred to one that some good chance would fall in his way: the longer he thought of it, the less possible it seemed that he should not have a good chance, and the less reasonable that he should not equip himself with the powder and shot for bringing it down. He would ride to Houndsley with Bambridge and with Horrock "the vet," and without asking them any thing expressly, he would virtually get the benefit of their opinion. Before he set out Fred got the eighty pounds from his mother.

Most of those who saw Fred riding out of Middlemarch in company with Bambridge and Horrock, on his way, of course, to Houndsley horse-fair, thought that young Vincy was pleasure-seeking as usual; and but for an unwonted consciousness of grave matters on hand he himself would have had a sense of dissipation, and of doing what might be expected of a gay young fellow. Considering that Fred was not at all coarse, that he rather looked down on the manners and speech of young men who had not been to the university, and that he had written stanzas as pastoral and unvoluptuous as his flute-playing, his attraction toward Bambridge and Horrock was an interesting fact which even the love of horseflesh would not wholly account for without that mysterious influence of Naming which determines so much of mortal choice. Under any other name than "pleasure" the society of Messieurs Bambridge and Horrock must certainly have been regarded as monotonous; and to arrive with them at Houndsley on a drizzling afternoon, to get down at the Red Lion, in a street shaded with coal-dust, and dine in a room furnished with a dirt-enameled map of the county, a bad portrait of an anonymous horse in a stable, his Majesty George the Fourth with legs and cravat, and various leaden spittoons, might have seemed a hard business, but for the sustaining power of nomenclature which determined that the pursuit of these things was "gay."

In Mr. Horrock there was certainly an apparent unfathomableness which offered play to the imagination. Costume, at a glance, gave him a thrilling association with horses (enough to specify the hat-brim, which took the slightest upward angle just to escape the suspicion of bending downward), and nature had given him a face which by dint of Mongolian eyes, and a nose, mouth, and chin seeming to follow his hat-brim in a moderate inclination upward, gave the effect of a subdued unchangeable skeptical smile, of all expressions the most tyrannous over a susceptible mind, and, when accompanied by adequate silence, likely to create the reputation of an invincible understanding, an infinite fund of humor—too dry to flow, and probably in a state of immovable crust—and a critical judgment which, if you could ever be fortunate enough to know it, would be *the* thing and no other. It is a physiognomy seen in all vocations, but perhaps it has never been more powerful over the youth of England than in a judge of horses.

Mr. Horrock, at a question from Fred about his horse's fetlock, turned sideways in his saddle, and watched the horse's action for the space of three minutes, then turned forward, twitched his own bridle, and remained silent, with a profile neither more nor less skeptical than it had been.

The part thus played in dialogue by Mr. Horrock was terribly effective. A mixture of passions was excited in Fred—a mad desire to thrash Horrock's opinion into utterance, restrained by anxiety to retain the advantage of his friendship. There was always the chance that Horrock might say something quite invaluable at the right moment.

Mr. Bambridge had more open manners, and appeared to give forth his ideas without economy. He was loud, robust, and was sometimes spoken of as being "given to indulgence"—chiefly in swearing, drinking, and beating his wife. Some people who had lost by him called him a vicious man; but he regarded horse-dealing as the finest of arts, and might have argued plausibly that it had nothing to do with morality. He was undeniably a prosperous man, bore his drinking better than others bore their moderation, and, on the whole, flourished like the green bay-tree. But his range of conversation was limited, and like the fine old tune, "Drops of Brandy," gave you after a while a sense of returning upon itself in a way that might make weak heads dizzy. But a slight infusion of Mr. Bambridge was felt to give tone and character to several circles in Middlemarch; and he was a distinguished figure in the bar and billiard-room at the Green Dragon. He knew some anecdotes about the turf, and various tricks of marquesses and viscounts which seemed to prove that blood asserted its pre-eminence even among blacklegs; but the minute retentiveness of his memory was chiefly shown about the horses he had himself bought and sold; the number of miles they would trot you in no time without turning a hair being, after the lapse of years, still a subject of passionate asseveration, in which he would assist the imagination of his hearers by solemnly swearing that they never saw any thing like it. In short, Mr. Bambridge was a man of pleasure and a gay companion.

Fred was subtle, and did not tell his friends that he was going to Houndsley bent on selling his horse: he wished to get indirectly at their genuine opinion of its value, not being aware that a genuine opinion was the last thing likely to be extracted from such eminent critics. It was not Mr. Bambridge's weakness to be a gratuitous flatterer. He had never before been so much struck with the fact that this unfortunate bay was a roarer to a degree which required the roundest word for perdition to give you any idea of it.

"You made a bad hand at swapping when you went to any body but me, Vincy. Why, you never threw your leg across a finer horse than that chestnut, and you gave him for this brute. If you set him cantering, he goes on like twenty sawyers. I never heard but one worse roarer in my life, and that was a roan: it belonged to Pegwell, the corn-factor; he used to drive him in his gig seven years ago, and he wanted me to take him, but I said, 'Thank you, Peg, I don't deal in wind-instruments.' That was what I said. It went the round of the country, that joke did. But, what the hell! the horse was a penny trumpet to that roarer of yours."

"Why, you said just now his was worse than mine," said Fred, more irritable than usual.

"I said a lie, then," said Mr. Bambridge, emphatically. "There wasn't a penny to choose between 'em."

Fred spurred his horse, and they trotted on a little way. When they slackened again Mr. Bambridge said:

"Not but what the roan was a better trotter than yours."

"I'm quite satisfied with his paces, I know," said Fred, who required all the consciousness of being in gay company to support him; "I say, his trot is an uncommonly clean one, eh, Horrock?"

Mr. Horrock looked before him with as complete a neutrality as if he had been a portrait by a great master.

Fred gave up the fallacious hope of getting a genuine opinion; but on reflection he saw that Bambridge's depreciation and Horrock's silence were both virtually encouraging, and indicated that they thought better of the horse than they chose to say.

That very evening, indeed, before the fair had set in, Fred thought he saw a favorable opening for disposing advantageously of his horse, but an opening which made him congratulate himself on his foresight in bringing with him his eighty pounds. A young farmer, acquainted with Mr. Bambridge, came into the Red Lion, and entered into conversation about parting with a hunter, which he introduced at once as Diamond, implying that it was a public character. For himself he only wanted a useful hack, which would draw upon occasion, being about to marry and to give up hunting. The hunter was in a friend's stable at some little distance; there was still time for gentlemen to see it before dark. The friend's stable had to be reached through a back street where you might as easily have been poisoned without expense of drugs as in any grim street of that unsanitary period. Fred was not fortified against disgust by brandy, as his companions were, but the hope of having at last seen the horse that would enable him to make money was exhilarating enough to lead him over the same ground again the first thing in the morning. He felt sure that if he did not come to a bargain with the farmer Bambridge would, for the stress of circumstances, Fred felt, was sharpening his acuteness and endowing him with all the constructive power of suspicion. Bambridge had run down Diamond in a way that he never would have done (the horse being a friend's) if he had not thought of buying it; every one who looked at the animal—even Horrock—was evidently impressed with its merit. To get all the advantage of being with men of this sort you must know how to draw your inferences, and not be a spoon who takes things literally. The color of the horse was a dappled gray, and Fred happened to know that Lord Medlicote's man was on the look-out for just such a horse. And, after all his running down, Bambridge let it out, in the course of the evening, when the farmer was absent, that he had seen worse horses go for eighty pounds. Of course he contradicted himself twenty times over, but when you know what is likely to be true you can test a man's admissions. And Fred could not but reckon his own judgment of a horse as worth something. The farmer had paused over Fred's respectable though broken-winded steed long enough to show that he thought it worth consideration, and it seemed probable that he would take it, with five-and-twenty pounds in addition, as the equivalent of Diamond. In that case Fred, when he had parted with his new horse for at least eighty pounds, would be fifty-five pounds in pocket by the transaction, and would have a hundred and thirty-five pounds toward meeting the bill; so that the deficit temporarily thrown on Mr. Garth would at the utmost be twenty-five pounds. By the time he was hurrying on his clothes in the morning he saw so clearly the importance of not losing this rare chance that if Bambridge and Horrock had both dissuaded him, he would not have been deluded into a direct interpretation of their purpose: he would have been aware that those deep hands held something else than a young fellow's interest. With regard to horses, distrust was your only clew. But skepticism, as we know, can never be thoroughly applied, else life would come to a stand-still: something we must believe in and do, and whatever that something may be called, it is virtually our own judgment, even when it seems like the most slavish reliance on another. Fred believed in the excellence of his bargain, and even before the fair had well set in had got possession of the dappled gray at the price of his old horse and thirty pounds in addition—only five pounds more than he had expected to give.

But he felt a little worried and wearied, perhaps with mental debate, and without waiting for the further gayeties of the horse-fair, he set out alone on his fourteen miles' journey, meaning to take it very quietly and keep his horse fresh.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The proposition has been frequently made that water-meters be placed in every building in the city of New York, and that the citizens be taxed in proportion to the quantity of water actually drawn through them. Professor Chandler, in an interesting lecture delivered before the American Institute some months ago, strongly condemns this plan, on the ground that pure water is scarcely second to pure air as a life-giving and life-protecting agent. From an examination of the district, comprising 339 square miles, which supplies the Croton River it is estimated that it is capable of supplying water for a city of five million inhabitants, and that the erection of a few dams will secure reservoirs capable of storing this supply. The suggestion is therefore made that, instead of purchasing costly water-meters, the money be expended in constructing dams, by which an abundance of water can be furnished. There is doubtless in many parts of our city an unnecessary waste of water; but if water must be paid for by the gallon, more serious evils may result. Pure water, and an abundance of it, may be regarded as one of the luxuries as well as one of the necessaries of life. Nowhere along the streams that feed the Croton Lake is any thing found which can render the waters impure. The Ridgewood water, which supplies the city of Brooklyn, is found by analysis to be even purer than the Croton, though the difference is slight.

Past experience shows that the supply of water now furnished to New York city might become inadequate in any dry summer. When the new reservoir at Boyd's Corners is completed this danger will be greatly diminished, although additional reservoirs will still be necessary to meet the growing wants of the city. But this new reservoir will not be finished in time to furnish any water to the aqueduct during the present year, and serious apprehensions are felt that there may be a deficiency of water during the coming summer. A winter of little snow and much frost—such as the past has been with us—usually precedes a season of low springs and low streams. The Croton Valley has been almost without snow during the past winter, and the frost has prevented the rain from soaking into the ground and supplying the sources of springs. Hence the necessity of making wise provision for the emergencies which are likely to arise during the summer.

The latest story of the advantages of advertising comes from Paris, and is related of Milland, the banker and newspaper speculator, and founder of the *Petite Journal*. At a dinner-party including many proprietors of leading Paris dailies Milland asserted that the most worthless articles could be sold in vast quantities if liberally advertised. "What will you bet," exclaimed he, "that I can not sell in one week one hundred thousand francs' worth of the most common cabbage seed, under the pretext that it will produce mammoth cabbage heads? All I have to do is to advertise it at once in a whole page insertion in the daily papers of this city." The publishers agreed to give him a page in each paper for nothing if he should win the wager. At the expiration of the week they inquired of Millaud how the cabbage seed had flourished. He showed them that he had sold nearly twice as much as he had promised, while orders were still pouring in; but he said the joke must stop there, and no further orders would be filled.

The forests of many of our States are rapidly diminishing, and this is particularly stated of the pine forests of Pennsylvania. For ten years past the consumption of timber to supply the numerous saw-mills of Williamsport alone has been immense. The amount of logs rafted out of the boom for the present season will cut over 215,000,000 feet of boards. It is safe to assume that 300,000,000 feet are annually manufactured at Williamsport. If we go back for ten years we have the enormous aggregate of 3,000,000,000 feet. That this fearful consumption of the raw material can continue for many more years is impossible. But the loss of the supply of lumber is not the only evil result of denuding the country of forests. Tall trees, by detaining mists and fogs until they have time to form rain clouds, exercise an important influence in determining the quantity of rain for the year. A State which destroys its trees will soon suffer in climate.

Was it ever known in actual life that a person committed suicide openly, in the presence of other persons? Eugene Sue, in one of his novels, describes a man planning a suicide for the purpose of securing a life-insurance to his family, who, in order to secure proof that his death was purely accidental, without which the insurance would be forfeited, invited friends to dinner, exhibited newly purchased pistols, and contrived to shoot himself in their presence, as if merely playfully handling the weapons in the confident supposition that they were not loaded. But is not suicide almost invariably committed in real life with secrecy? It is stated that in the Maine Insane Asylum patients who manifest an inclination to suicide are deemed protected by keeping them in company. A room in the Asylum with six beds in it is reserved for such patients; and they never attempt to kill themselves except when alone. By giving them company all the time this propensity is continually counteracted. Suicide is so disgraceful and unbecoming an act that even a lunatic will not commit it in the presence of another.

Another "true anecdote" is told of Artemus Ward, as follows:

Shortly after the close of the war Artemus was in Louisville. One evening, at the Louisville Hotel, he was introduced to a rebel colonel who had been renowned in the Confederate service, and who was one of the bitterest haters of the Yanks.

"Colonel ——, let me introduce you to Artemus Ward; Mr. Ward, this is the celebrated Colonel ——," said the mutual acquaintance who performed the ceremony of introduction.

"Was you in the war, colonel?" inquired Ward, as they shook hands.

"In the war?" growled the colonel: "reckon I was, for four years. Been in twenty battles."

"Ah!" said Ward, growing interested; then he added, thoughtfully, "Let me see; seems as though I've heard of you; oh yes, now I remember. *Which of our Michigan regiments did you command?*"

"Command ——!" roared the colonel, profanely; "I was on the other side."

"Well, well," said Artemus, passing his hand across his eyes in a confused way; "I do get this war so mixed up; but you must excuse me, colonel."

The home of the Russian imperial family, from October to June, every year, is the Winter Palace. This immense building has a frontage of more than seven hundred feet, and is large enough to lodge six thousand persons. A curious story is told how, some time ago, the forty-three watchmen stationed along the roofs of this palace built huts under the shelter of the chimney-stacks to protect themselves from the inclemency of the weather; and how, after a while, being lonely, they brought thither their wives and children, and commenced housekeeping. The little colony prospered, and hens and geese, and goats and swine, were gradually introduced into the premises. All might have gone on very prosperously for an indefinite time, but unfortunately a cow was taken up, and she became so uneasy that the Czar learned the whole affair, and the colony was dispersed. All the arrangements of the Winter Palace show great wealth, consummate skill, and exquisite taste. The suits of apartments occupied by the Empress and by Alexander, the present heir-apparent and his family, are fitted up with great beauty and appropriateness. The children's nursery is one of the most interesting rooms in the whole palace, containing little furniture, but a good supply of toys of every kind. A room fitted up as a study, and which was appropriated to the Crown Prince and the Grand Duke Alexis, in their boyhood, contains fire-arms, swords, military accoutrements, and models of all kinds. A huge model of an iron-clad ship of war, completely and beautifully rigged, occupies a whole side of the large room. Every thing indicates the wisdom and care bestowed in the education of the sons.

No pain is more dreadful to endure than fear. Few parents realize how much their children suffer from this cause. "There is nothing to hurt you," is an assurance which does not allay the apprehension. An undefined something, existing often only in the imagination, is the occasion of just as real suffering as the most tangible evil could be. This suffering from fear has much to do with the almost universal dislike which children have of going to bed. They are left alone in some chamber away from the family—a wise arrangement so far as quietness is concerned, and judicious entirely if the child exhibits no fear. But only those who remember what horrors possessed the imagination when they, as children, were left alone in the dark can fully realize the suffering of a nervous child. "I don't mind your whipping me, father," said a little fellow, who had been repeatedly punished for crying when put to bed alone, "if you will only stay with me."

Once upon a time a genuine son of the Emerald Isle accosted the captain of a steamer running between Portland and Boston as follows:

"Good-mornin', captain. Could ye be afther tellin' me what's the fare to Boshton?"

"Three dollars," answered the captain.

"But suppose I wint outside?"

"In that case," said the captain, "you can go for two dollars."

This was undoubtedly beyond the extent of Pat's worldly possessions; so he scratched his head and looked perplexed for a few moments, when a bright thought seemed to strike him:

"I say, captain dear, what would ye be afther takin' a hundred and sixty pounds of freight for?"

"Seventy-five cents," replied the captain.

"Be jabers, thin, ye may put me down, captain, for I'm jist the boy that weighs that!"

The captain turned to the clerk, saying, "Put on the freight list one hundred and sixty pounds of live Irishman, and stow him in the hold."

A French medical journal speaks of the increasing prevalence of opium-smoking in France. The opium-smoker gradually becomes indolent, losing all inclination for work, and often he becomes a confirmed idiot, the mental powers gradually diminishing in strength.

Adam, as many of our readers will doubtless remember, was the first man. A recent book informs us that, according to rabbinical tradition, he was one hundred miles high—a thing astonishing to conceive of. We should be thankful that the race has dwindled down a little. It was all very well for Adam when alone in the world to be a hundred miles tall; but nowadays how dreadfully inconvenient it would be!

A spicy little anecdote is related in an exchange of a well-known Methodist preacher, who has received the appellation of "Camp-meeting John." This eccentric divine lives in Maine, but bestows his services in various sections of the country as occasion demands. As we happen to know him personally, we can assure our readers that the following incident is entirely characteristic. A certain presiding elder, who was noted for being late at service, and seldom animated or brief, once kept a congregation waiting a long time, and then preached a prosy sermon of unusual length on the text, "Feed my lambs." He had not yet finished, when "Camp-meeting John" rose from his seat in the congregation and said: "Brother, I have had some experience in raising lambs myself, and I have found the following rules absolutely essential to successful lamb-raising: First, give them their food in season; second, give them a little at a time; and third, give it to them warm." No better advice could be given to a minister, though the time and place of offering it might be more appropriately chosen.

Gottenburg, Sweden, is to be the seat of a medical college, which will afford a three years' course of study to ladies over seventeen years old. After receiving diplomas they can practice in any part of Sweden as physicians.

There are something like five million six hundred and sixty thousand persons under age in the United States who can neither read nor write. These figures would indicate that a certain amount of compulsory education would not be amiss.

Many English laborers consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and much more so than potatoes. Baked apples they use as a substitute for meat, and find them substantial nutriment. Apples contain sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive substances, as well as vegetable acids and aromatic qualities which are very useful to prevent debility and indigestion.

The number of students at the University of Leipsic has reached a point it never yet attained since its foundation, five hundred years ago. Two thousand and ninety-five students were registered last year. The number has been doubled within the last nine years. This prosperous state of affairs is the natural consequence of the solicitude shown for the university by the Minister of Worship, and also of the fact that many eminent professors have been appointed there of late. Many improvements have also been made in the organization of the establishment.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PROMINENT lawyer was hailed while passing a jewelry store by the proprietor with, "General, come in here a moment; we have something for you to solve. If a man brings his watch to be fixed, and it costs me ten cents to do it, and I keep it a week, and charge him six dollars, what percentage do I make? We have been figuring, and make it nine hundred per cent., and have only got up to one dollar. How much do you say it would be at six dollars?" "Well," replied the general, "I do not wonder at your perplexity; for it is well known, and the celebrated Babbage calculating machine has demonstrated, that at certain points in progressive numbers the law governing them changes. In this case the law would change, and long before it would reach the six dollars it would run out of percentage and into what is known as larceny."

A "DRAWING"-ROOM—The apartment of a dentist.

When is a woman like a sparrow?—When she's in earnest (her nest).

Brown writes to learn if a policeman has any legal right to "take up" a note.

At a marriage lately in Maine the bride's voice faltered, and she paused in the midst of the impressive ceremony. Her little niece, a bright little three-year-old, thinking the naughty minister was compelling poor aunty to say something disagreeable, stamped her little foot, and exclaimed, in a tone of authority, "Auntie, don't oo thay it."

POLITICAL CAPITAL—Private interest.

A lawyer, upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child, "What makes you cry?" "He pinched me," answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

If a duck goes into water for divers reasons, does he come on land for sun-dry purposes?

NATURAL SLIPPERS—Eels.

Kangaroo leather is getting to be an article of commerce at San Francisco; we thought it was an article of fun only at first.

Hard words mostly flow from soft heads.

JOINT EDUCATION—Gymnastics.

An editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. Like all editors' wives, she was of an exceedingly poetic nature, and said to her mate, "Notice that moon; how bright and calm and beautiful!" "Couldn't think of noticing it," returned the editor, "for any thing less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines."

"What time is it, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, whom she suspected of being drunk, but who was doing his best to look sober. "Well, my darling, I can't tell, 'cause, you see, there are two hands on my watch, and each points to a different figure, and I don't know which to believe."

Which are the most seasonable clothes for all seasons?—Pepper and salt.

What 'bus has found room for the greatest number of people?—Columbus.

A fellow lately started a store in Kansas. The following was the sign he hung out: "Dry-goods by John Smith, who wishes to get married." This sign drew all kinds of custom. The single ladies went, of course; and the married men all told their wives to go, under the impression that they could easily cheat so great a fool.

What goes most against a farmer's grain?—His mowing-machine.

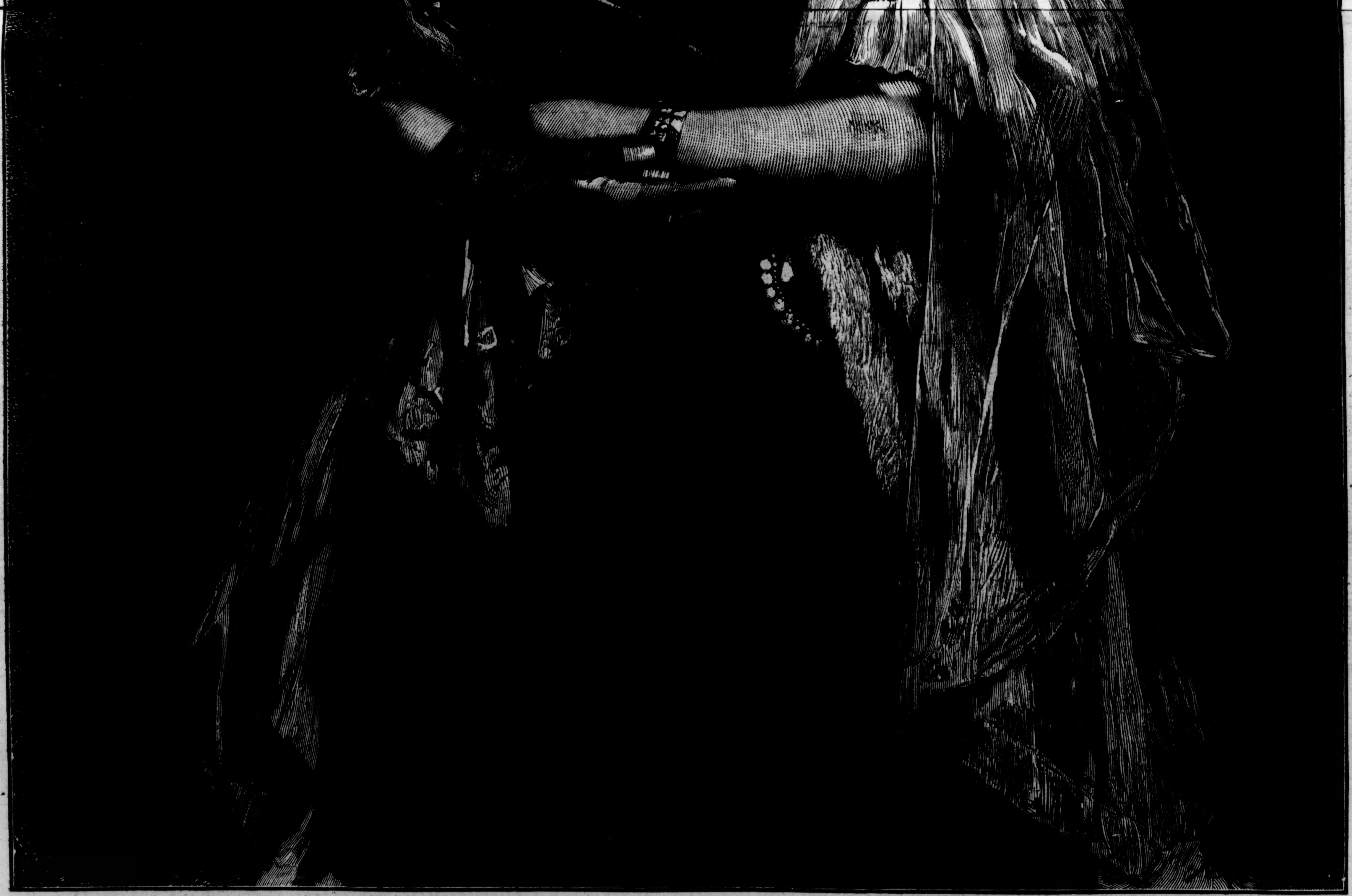
The following is a verbatim copy of a letter recently received by a school-master in Indiana from a householder in his locality: "Cur, ass you are a man of no legs, I wish to intur my son in your skull." The obscurity and seeming offensiveness of this address disappear on translation. What was intended to be written was, "Sir, as you are a man of knowledge, I wish to enter my son in your school."

When is a crowd well preserved?—When it is a perfect jam.

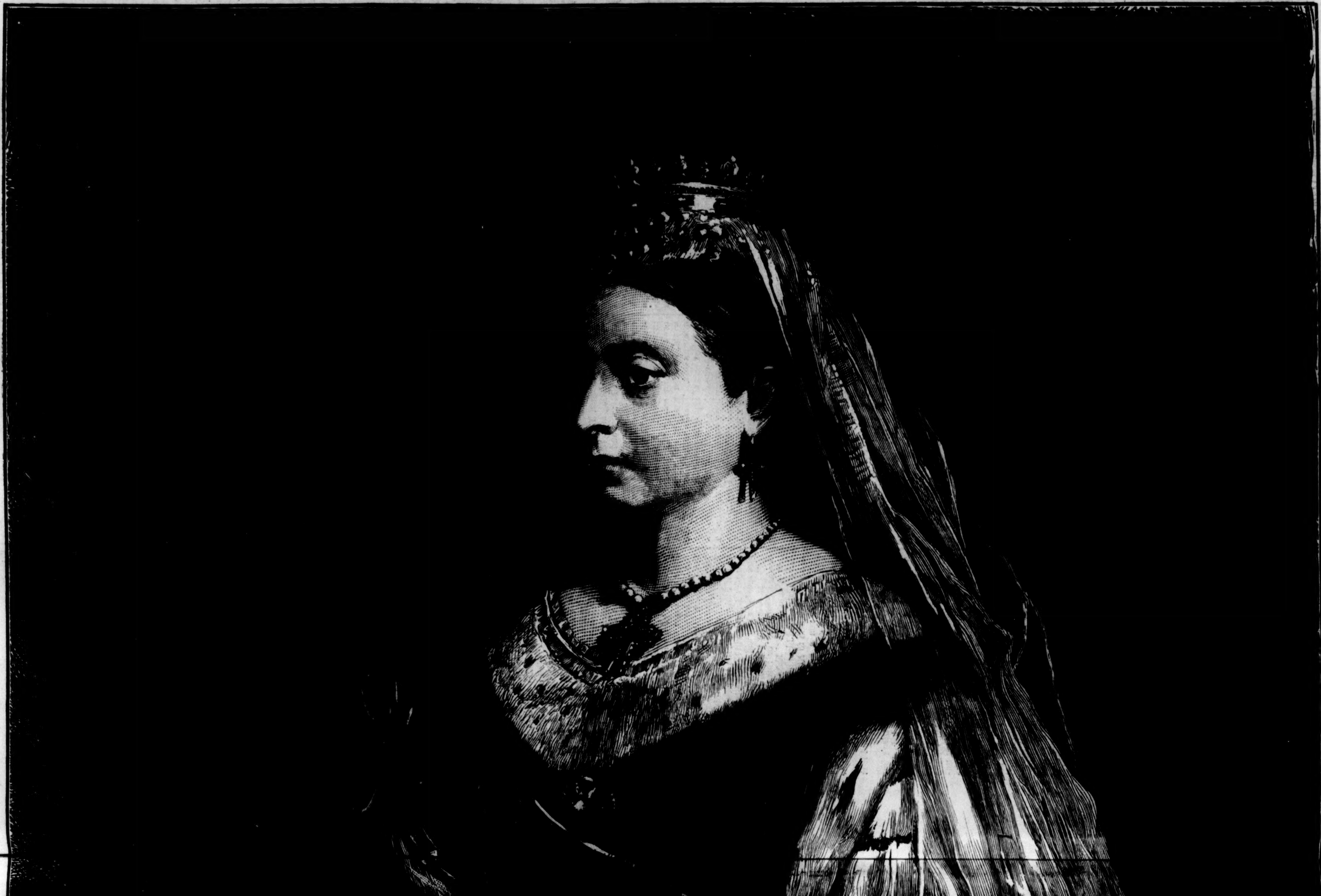
The man who showed his grit was in the sand-paper line.

Frenchmen boast that ridicule kills in their country, and that no party or institution can survive being laughed at.

A school-master tells the following good one: I was once teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of the session I had time to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. "Is this the dunce block?" I asked a little girl of five years. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, "I guess so. The teacher always sits on it."



QUEEN VICTORIA.—[See Page 290.]



QUEEN VICTORIA.

We lay before our readers this week a splendid double-page engraving of Queen Victoria. Her personal history and the leading events of her reign are too well known to be recapitulated here at length. Coming to the throne in June, 1838, at the age of eighteen, her reign has been one of constant prosperity for the people over whom she rules; and the recent demonstrations on the national thanksgiving-day for the recovery of the Prince of Wales showed that her popularity is deeply rooted in the hearts of the people.

Perhaps what has most endeared the Queen to the English people is the sweetness and purity of her domestic life. She was married February 6, 1840, to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Her wedded life lasted twenty-one years. On December 14, 1861, Prince Albert, "the blameless Prince," as he was styled in Tennyson's eloquent verse, died, after a brief illness, of the same fever which has lately so nearly proved fatal to the Prince of Wales. Since this time she has chiefly lived in social retirement, which has not prevented her from keeping up an interest in and supervision of the affairs of the kingdom. She reads the daily newspapers, thinks, talks, and writes of public affairs, practices the habits of a woman of business, and studies every subject of public importance more diligently than nine-tenths of the educated gentlemen and ladies in the upper and middle class society. She has some practical skill in drawing and music, and a highly cultivated taste.

The Queen has several times been exposed to the attacks of assassins. On June 10, 1840, while driving with her husband up Constitution Hill, Green Park, she was shot at by Edward Oxford, a tavern waiter, who fired twice, but happily missed her. He was only a crazy boy, a victim of ignorant vanity: but what mischief this contemptible creature might have done! The second attempt was that of John Francis, the idle son of a theatrical machinist, on May 30, 1842. He likewise fired a pistol at the Queen in her carriage on Constitution Hill. A few weeks later, on July 3, she had a pistol aimed at her while passing from Buckingham Palace to the Chapel of St. James's by a humpbacked youth named Bean, who pulled the trigger, but the pistol did not go off. May 27, 1850, Robert Pate, formerly a lieutenant in the Tenth Hussars, waylaid her at the door of the Duke of Cambridge's house in Piccadilly, and struck her over the head and face with a stick. The last mad assault by the Fenian, O'Connor, with an unloaded pistol, is fresh in the memory of our readers.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXXIX.—(*Continued.*)

PLEASANT CONGRATULATIONS.

Cecil Walpole possessed a very fair stock of that useful quality called assurance; but he had no more than he needed to enter that large room, where the assembled family sat in a half circle, and stand to be surveyed by Miss O'Shea's eye-glass, unabashed. Nor was the ordeal the less trying as he overheard the old lady ask her neighbor "if he wasn't the image of the Knave of Diamonds!"

"I thought you were the other man!" said she, curtly, as he made his bow.

"I deplore the disappointment, madam—even though I do not comprehend it."

"It was the picture, the photograph, of the other man I saw—a fine, tall, dark man, with long mustaches."

"The fine, tall, dark man, with the long mustaches, is in the house, and will be charmed to be presented to you."

"Ay, ay! presented is all very fine; but that won't make him the bridegroom," said she, with a laugh.

"I sincerely trust it will not, madam."

"And it is you, then, are Major Walpole?"

"Mr. Walpole, madam—my friend Lockwood is the major."

"To be sure. I have it right now. You are the young man that got into that unhappy scrape, and got the Lord-Lieutenant turned away—"

"I wonder how you endure this," burst out Nina, as she arose and walked angrily toward a window.

"I don't think I caught what the young lady said; but if it was, that what can not be cured must be endured, it is true enough; and I suppose that they'll get over your blunder as they have done many another."

"I live in that hope, madam."

"Not but it's a bad beginning in public life; and a stupid mistake hangs long on a man's memory. You're young, however, and people are generous enough to believe it might be a youthful indiscretion."

"You give me great comfort, madam."

"And now you are going to risk another venture?"

"I sincerely trust on safer grounds."

"That's what they all think. I never knew a man that didn't believe he drew the prize in matrimony. Ask him, however, six months after he's tied. Say, 'What do you think of your ticket now?' Eh, Maurice Kearney? It doesn't take twenty or thirty years, quarreling and disputing, to show one that a lottery with so many blanks is just a swindle."

A loud bang of the door, as Nina flounced out in indignation, almost shook the room.

"There's a temper you'll know more of yet, young gentleman; and, take my word for it, it's only in stage-plays that a shrew is ever tamed."

"I declare," cried Dick, losing all patience, "I think Miss O'Shea is too unsparing of us all. We have our faults, I'm sure; but public correction will not make us more comfortable."

"It wasn't *your* comfort I was thinking of, young man; and if I thought of your poor father's, I'd have advised him to put you out an apprentice. There's many a light business—like stationery, or figs, or children's toys—and they want just as little capital as capacity."

"Miss Betty," said Kearney, stiffly, "this is not the time nor the place for these discussions. Mr. Walpole was polite enough to present himself here to-day to have the honor of making your acquaintance, and to announce his future marriage."

"A great event for us all—and we're proud of it! It's what the newspapers will call a great day for the Bog of Allen. Eh, Maurice? The Princess—God forgive me, but I'm always calling her Kostigan—but the Princess will be set down niece to Lord Kilgobbin; and if you"—and she addressed Walpole—"haven't a mock title and a mock estate, you'll be the only one without them!"

"I don't think any one will deny us our tempers," cried Kearney.

"Here's Lockwood," cried Walpole, delighted to see his friend enter, though he as quickly endeavored to retreat.

"Come in, major," said Kearney. "We're all friends here. Miss O'Shea, this is Major Lockwood, of the Carbineers—Miss O'Shea."

Lockwood bowed stiffly, but did not speak.

"Be attentive to the old woman," whispered Walpole. "A word from her will make your affair all right."

"I have been very desirous to have had the honor of this introduction, madam," said Lockwood, as he seated himself at her side.

"Was not that a clever diversion I accomplished with 'the Heavy?'" said Walpole, as he drew away Kearney and his son into a window.

"I never heard her much worse than to-day," said Dick.

"I don't know," hesitated Kilgobbin. "I suspect she is breaking. There is none of the sustained virulence I used to remember of old. She lapses into half mildness at moments."

"I own I did not catch them, nor, I'm afraid, did Nina," said Dick. "Look there! I'll be shot if she's not giving your friend the major a lesson! When she performs in that way with her hands, you may swear she is didactic."

"I think I'll go to his relief," said Walpole; "but I own it's a case for the V. C."

As Walpole drew nigh, he heard her saying: "Marry one of your own race, and you will jog on well enough. Marry a Frenchwoman or a Spaniard, and she'll lead her own life, and be very well satisfied; but a poor Irish girl, with a fresh heart and a joyous temper—what is to become of her, with your dull habits and your dreary intercourse, your county society and your Chinese manners?"

"Miss O'Shea is telling me that I must not look for a wife among her countrywomen," said Lockwood, with a touching attempt to smile.

"What I overheard was not encouraging," said Walpole; "but I think Miss O'Shea takes a low estimate of our social temperament."

"Nothing of the kind! All I say is, you'll do mighty well for each other, or, for aught I know, you might intermarry with the Dutch or the Germans; but it's a downright shame to unite your slow sluggish spirits with the sparkling brilliancy and impetuous joy of an Irish girl. That's a union I'd never consent to."

"I hope this is no settled resolution," said Walpole, speaking in a low whisper; "for I want to bespeak your especial influence in my friend's behalf. Major Lockwood is a most impassioned admirer of Miss Kearney, and has already declared as much to her father."

"Come over here, Maurice Kearney! come over here this moment!" cried she, half wild with excitement. "What new piece of roguery, what fresh intrigue is this? Will you dare to tell me you had a proposal for Kate, for my own god-daughter, without even so much as telling me?"

"My dear Miss Betty, be calm, be cool for one minute, and I'll tell you every thing."

"Ay, when I've found it out, Maurice!"

"I profess I don't think my friend's pretensions are discussed with much delicacy, time and place considered," said Walpole.

"We have something to think of as well as delicacy, young man; there's a woman's happiness to be remembered."

"Here it is, now, the whole business," said Kearney. "The major there asked me yesterday to get my daughter's consent to his addresses."

"And you never told me," cried Miss Betty.

"No, indeed, nor herself neither; for after I turned it over in my mind I began to see it would not do—"

"How do you mean not do?" asked Lockwood.

"Just let me finish. What I mean is this—if a man wants to marry an Irish girl, he mustn't begin by asking leave to make love to her—"

"Maurice is right!" cried the old lady, stoutly.

"And above all, he oughtn't to think that the short-cut to her heart is through his broad acres."

"Maurice is right—quite right!"

"And besides this, that the more a man dwells on his belongings, and the settlements, and such like, the more he seems to say, 'I may not catch your fancy in every thing, I may not ride as boldly or dance as well as somebody else, but never mind—you're making a very prudent match, and there is a deal of pure affection in the Three per Cents.'"

"And I'll give you another reason," said Miss Betty, resolutely: "Kate Kearney can not have two husbands, and I've made her promise to marry my nephew, this morning."

"What! without any leave of mine?" exclaimed Kearney.

"Just so, Maurice. She'll marry him if you give your consent; but whether you will or not, she'll never marry another."

"Is there, then, a real engagement?" whispered Walpole to Kearney. "Has my friend here got his answer?"

"He'll not wait for another," said Lockwood, haughtily, as he arose. "I'm for town, Cecil," whispered he.

"So shall I be this evening," replied Walpole, in the same tone. "I must hurry over to London and see Lord Danesbury. I've my troubles too." And so saying, he drew his arm within the major's and led him away; while Miss Betty, with Kearney on one side of her and Dick on the other, proceeded to recount the arrangement she had made to make over the Barn and the estate to Gorman, it being her own intention to retire altogether from the world and finish her days in the "Retreat."

"And a very good thing to do too," said Kearney, who was too much impressed with the advantages of the project to remember his politeness.

"I have had enough of it, Maurice," added she, in a lugubrious tone; "and it's all backbiting, and lying, and mischief-making, and, what's worse, by the people who might live quietly and let others do the same."

"What you say is true as the Bible."

"It may be hard to do it, Maurice Kearney; but I'll pray for them in my hours of solitude, and in that blessed Retreat I'll ask for a blessing on yourself, and that your heart, hard and cruel and worldly as it is now, may be changed; and that in your last days—maybe on the bed of sickness—when you are writhing and twisting with pain, with a bad heart and a worse conscience—when you'll have nobody but hirelings near you—hirelings that will be robbing you before your eyes, and not waiting till the breath leaves you—when even the drop of drink to cool your lips—"

"Don't—don't go on that way, Miss Betty! I've a cold shivering down the spine of my back this minute, and a sickness creeping all over me."

"I'm glad of it. I'm glad that my words have power over your wicked old nature—if it's not too late."

"If it's miserable and wretched you wanted to make me, don't fret about your want of success; though whether it all comes too late, I can not tell you."

"We'll leave that to St. Joseph."

"Do so! do so!" cried he, eagerly, for he had a shrewd suspicion he would have better chances of mercy at any hands than her own.

"As for Gorman, if I find that he has any notions about claiming an acre of the property, I'll put it all into Chancery, and the suit will outlive *him*—but if he owns he is entirely dependent on my bounty, I'll settle the Barn and the land on him, and the deed shall be signed the day he marries your daughter. People tell you that you can't take your money with you into the next world, Maurice Kearney, and a greater lie was never uttered. Thanks to the laws of England, and the Court of Equity in particular, it's the very thing you can do! Ay, and you can provide, besides, that every body but the people that had a right to it shall have a share. So I say to Gorman O'Shea, beware what you are at, and don't go on repeating that stupid falsehood about not carrying your debentures into the next world."

"You are a wise woman, and you know life well," said he, solemnly.

"And if I am, it's nothing to sigh over, Mr. Kearney. One is grateful for mercies, but does not groan over them like rheumatism or the lumbago."

"Maybe I'm a little out of spirits to-day."

"I shouldn't wonder if you were. They tell me you sat over your wine with that tall man, last night, till nigh one o'clock, and it's not at your time of life that you can do these sort of excesses with impunity; you had a good constitution once, and there's not much left of it."

"My patience, I'm grateful to see, has not quite deserted me."

"I hope there's other of your virtues you can be more sure of," said she, rising, "for if I was asked your worst failing I'd say it was your irritability." And with a stern frown, as though to confirm the judicial severity of her words, she nodded her head to him and walked away.

It was only then that Kearney discovered he was left alone, and that Dick had stolen away, though when or how, he could not say.

"I'm glad the boy was not listening to her, for I'm downright ashamed that I bore it," was his final reflection as he strolled out to take a walk in the plantation.

CHAPTER LXXX.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

Though the dinner-party that day at Kilgobbin Castle was deficient in the persons of Lockwood and Walpole, the accession of Joe Atlee to the company made up in a great measure for the loss. He arrived shortly before dinner was announced, and even, in the few minutes in the drawing-room, his gay and lively manner, his pleasant flow of small-talk, dashed with the lightest of epigrams, and that marvelous variety he possessed, made every one delighted with him.

"I met Walpole and Lockwood at the station, and did my utmost to make them turn back with me. You may laugh, Lord Kilgobbin, but in doing the honors of another man's house, as I was at that moment, I deem myself without a rival."

"I wish with all my heart you had succeeded; there is nothing I like as much as a well-filled table," said Kearney.

"Not that their air and manner," resumed Joe, "impressed me strongly with the exuberance of their spirits; a pair of drearier dogs I have not seen for some time, and I believe I told them so."

"Did they explain their gloom, or even excuse it?" asked Dick.

"Except on the general grounds of coming away from such fascinating society. Lockwood played sulky, and scarcely vouchsafed a word; and as for Walpole, he made some high-flown speeches about his regrets and his torn sensibilities—so like what one reads in a French novel, that the very sound of them betrays unreality."

"But was it then so very impossible to be sorry for leaving this?" asked Nina, calmly.

"Certainly not for any man but Walpole."

"And why not Walpole?"

"Can you ask me? You who know people so well, and read them so clearly; you to whom the secret anatomy of the 'heart' is no mystery, and who understand how to trace the fibre of intense selfishness through every tissue of his small nature. He might be miserable at being separated from himself—there could be no other estrangement would affect *him*."

"This was not always your estimate of your *friend*," said Nina, with a marked emphasis of the last word.

"Pardon me, it was my unspoken opinion from the first hour I met him. Since then, some space of time has intervened, and though it has made no change in him, I hope it has dealt otherwise with me. I have at least reached the point in life where men not only have convictions but avow them."

"Come, come; I can remember what precious good luck you called it to make his acquaintance," cried Dick, half angrily.

"I don't deny it. I was very nigh drowning at the time, and it was the first plank I caught hold of. I am very grateful to him for the rescue; but I owe him more gratitude for the opportunity the incident gave me to see these men in their intimacy—to know, and know thoroughly, what is the range, what the stamp of those minds by which states are ruled and masses are governed. Through Walpole I knew his master; and through the master I have come to know the slipshod intelligences which, composed of official detail, House of Commons' gossip, and *Times'* leaders, are accepted by us as statesmen. And if—" A very supercilious smile on Nina's mouth arrested him in the current of his speech, and he said, "I know, of course I know, the question you are too polite to ask, but which quivers on your lip—'Who is the gifted creature that sees all this incompetence and insufficiency around him?' And I am quite ready to tell you. It is Joseph Atlee—Joseph Atlee, who knows that when he and others like him—for we are a strong coterie—stop the supply of ammunition, these gentlemen must cease firing. Let the *Débats* and the *Times*, the *Revue de Deux Mondes* and the *Saturday*, and a few more that I need not stop to enumerate, strike work, and let us see how much of original thought you will obtain from your Cabinet sages! It is in the clash and collision of the thinkers outside of responsibility that these world-revered leaders catch the fire that lights up their policy. The *Times* made the Crimean blunder. The *Siècle* created the Mexican fiasco. The *Kreutz Zeitung* gave the first impulse to the Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio; and, if I mistake not, the 'review' in the last *Diplomatic Chronicle* will bear results of which he who now speaks to you will not disown the parentage."

"The saints be praised, here's dinner!" exclaimed Kearney, "or this fellow would talk us into a brain-fever. Kate is dining with Miss Betty again—God bless her for it!" muttered he, as he gave his arm to Nina, and led the way.

"I've got you a commission as a 'Peeler,' Dick," said Joe as they moved along. "You'll have to prove you can read and write, which is more than they would ask of you if you were going into the Cabinet; but we live in an intellectual age, and we test all the cabin-boys, and it is only the steersman we take on trust."

Though Nina was eager to resent Atlee's impertinence on Walpole, she could not help feeling interested and amused by his sketches of his travels.

If, in speaking of Greece, he only gave the substance of the article he had written for the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, as the paper was yet unpublished, all the remarks were novel, and the anecdotes fresh and sparkling. The tone of light banter and raillery in which he described public life in Greece and Greek statesmen, might have lost some of its authority had any one remembered to count the hours the speaker had spent at Athens; and Nina was certainly indignant at the hazardous effrontery of the criticisms. It was not, then, without intention that she arose to retire while Atlee was relating an interesting story of brigandage, and he—determined to repay the impertinence in kind—continued to recount his history as he arose to open the door for her to pass out. Her insolent look as she swept by was met by a smile of admiration on his part that actually made her cheek tingle with anger.

Old Kearney dozed off gently, under the influence of names of places and persons that did not interest him, and the two young men drew their chairs to the fire, and grew confidential at once.

"I think you have sent my cousin away in bad humor," said Dick.

"I see it," said Joe, as he slowly puffed his cigar. "That young lady's head has been so cruelly turned by flattery of late, that the man who does not swing incense before her affronts her."

"Yes; but you went out of your way to provoke her. It is true she knows little of Greece or Greeks, but it offends her to hear them slighted or ridiculed; and you took pains to do both."

"Contemptible little country! with a mock army, a mock treasury, and a mock Chamber. The only thing real is the debt and the brigandage."

"But why tell her so? You actually seemed bent on irritating her."

"Quite true—so I was. My dear Dick, you have some lessons to learn in life, and one of them is, that, just as it is bad heraldry to put color on color, it is an egregious blunder to follow flattery by flattery. The woman who has been spoiled by over-admiration must be approached with something else as unlike it as may be: pique—annoy—irritate—outrage, but take care that you interest her. Let her only come to feel what a very tiresome thing mere adulation is, and she will one day value your two or three civil speeches as gems of priceless worth. It is exactly because I deeply desire to gain her affections, I have begun in this way."

"You have come too late."

"How do you mean too late—she is not engaged?"

"She *is* engaged—she is to be married to Walpole."

"To Walpole!"

"Yes; he came over a few days ago to ask her. There is some question now—I don't well understand it—about some family consent, or an invitation—something, I believe, that Nina insists on, to show the world how his family welcome her among them; and it is for this he has gone to London, but to be back in eight or nine days, the wedding to take place toward the end of the month."

"Is he very much in love?"

"I should say he is."

"And she? Of course she could not possibly care for a fellow like Walpole?"

"I don't see why not. He is very much the stamp of man girls admire."

"Not girls like Nina; not girls who aspire to a position in life, and who know that the little talents of the salon no more make a man of the world than the tricks of the circus will make a fox-hunter. These ambitious women—she is one of them—will marry a hopeless idiot if he can bring wealth and rank and a great name; but they will not take a brainless creature who has to work his way up in the world. If she has accepted Walpole there is pique in it, or ennui, or that uneasy desire of change that girls suffer from like a malady."

"I can not tell you why, but I know she has accepted him."

"Women are not insensible to the value of second thoughts."

"You mean she might throw him over—might jilt him?"

"I'll not employ the ugly word that makes the wrong it is only meant to indicate; but there are few of our resolves in life to which we might not move amendment, and the changed opinion a woman forms of a man before marriage would become a grievous injury if it happened after."

"But must she of necessity change?"

"If she marry Walpole, I should say certainly. If a girl has fair abilities and a strong temper—and Nina has a good share of each—she will endure faults, actual vices, in a man, but she'll not stand littleness. Walpole has nothing else; and so I hope to prove to her to-morrow and the day after—in fact, during those eight or ten days you tell me he will be absent."

"Will she let you? Will she listen to you?"

"Not at first—at least, not willingly, or very easily; but I will show her, by numerous little illustrations and even fables, where these small people not only spoil their fortunes in life, but spoil life itself; and what an irreparable blunder it is to link companionship with one of them. I will sometimes make her laugh, and I may have to make her cry—it will not be easy, but I shall do it—I shall certainly make her thoughtful; and if you can do this day by day, so that a woman will recur to the same theme pretty much in the same spirit, you must be a sorry steersman, Master Dick, but you will know how to guide these thoughts and trace the channel they shall follow."

"And supposing, which I do not believe, you could get her to break with Walpole, what could *you* offer her?"

"Myself!"

"Inestimable boon, doubtless: but what of fortune—position or place in life?"

"The first Napoleon used to say that the 'power of the unknown number was incommensurable;' and so I don't despair of showing her that a man like myself may be any thing."

Dick shook his head doubtingly, and the other went on: "In this round game we call life it is all 'brag.' The fellow with the worst card in the pack, if he'll only risk his head on it, keep a bold face to the world and his own counsel, will be sure to win. Bear in mind, Dick, that for some time back I have been keeping the company of these great swells who sit highest in the synagogue and dictate to us small Publicans. I have listened to their hesitating counsels and their uncertain resolves; I have seen the blotted dispatches and equivocal messages given, to be disavowed if needful; I have assisted at those dress rehearsals, where speech was to follow speech, and what seemed an incautious avowal by one was to be 'improved' into a bold declaration by another, 'in another place;' in fact, my good friend, I have been near enough to measure the mighty intelligences that direct us, and if I were not a believer in Darwin I should be very much shocked for what humanity was coming to. It is no exaggeration that I say, if you were to be in the Home Office, and I at the Foreign Office, without our names being divulged, there is not a man or woman in England would be the wiser or the worse; though if either of us were to take charge of the engine of the Holyhead line, there would be a smash or an explosion before we reached Rugby."

"All that will not enable you to make a settlement on Nina Kostalergi."

"No; but I'll marry her all the same."

"I don't think so."

"Will you have a bet on it, Dick? What will you wager?"

"A thousand—ten, if I had it; but I'll give you ten pounds on it, which is about as much as either of us could pay."

"Speak for yourself, Master Dick. As Robert Macaire says, 'Je viens de toucher mes dividendes,' and I am in no want of money. The fact is, so long as a man can pay for certain luxuries in life he is well off: the strictly necessary takes care of itself."

"Does it? I should like to know how."

"With your present limited knowledge of life, I doubt if I could explain it to you, but I will try one of these mornings. Meanwhile, let us go into the drawing-room and get mademoiselle to sing for us. She will sing, I take it?"

"Of course—if asked by you." And there was the very faintest tone of sneer in the words.

And they did go, and mademoiselle did sing all that Atlee could ask her for, and she was charming in every way that grace and beauty and the wish to please could make her. Indeed, to such extent did she carry her fascinations that Joe grew thoughtful at last, and muttered to himself, "There is vendetta in this. It is only a woman knows how to make a vengeance out of her attractions."

"Why are you so serious, Mr. Atlee?" asked she at last.

"I was thinking—I mean, I was trying to think—yes, I remember it now," muttered he. "I have had a letter for you all this time in my pocket."

"A letter from Greece?" asked she, impatiently.

"No—at least I suspect not. It was given me as I drove through the bog by a barefooted boy, who had trotted after the car for miles, and at length overtook us by the accident of the horse picking up a stone in his hoof. He said it was for 'some one at the Castle,' and I offered to take charge of it—here it is," and he produced a square-shaped envelope of common coarse-looking paper, sealed with red wax, and a shamrock for impress.

"A begging letter, I should say, from the outside," said Dick.

"Except that there is not one so poor as to ask aid from *me*," added Nina, as she took the document, glanced at the writing, and placed it in her pocket.

As they separated for the night, and Dick trotted up the stairs at Atlee's side, he said, "I don't think, after all, my ten pounds is so safe as I fancied."

"Don't you?" replied Joe. "My impressions are all the other way, Dick. It is her courtesy that alarms me. The effort to captivate where there is no stake to win, means mischief. She'll make me in love with her whether I will or not." The bitterness of his tone, and the impatient bang he gave his door as he passed in, betrayed more of temper than was usual for him to display, and as Dick sought his room, he muttered to himself, "I'm glad to see that these overcunning fellows are sure to meet their match, and get beaten even at the game of their own invention."

ON THE SCOUT.

In this picture (page 292) we are carried far into the backwoods of our Western Territories, and see the hirsute and wary hunter, who crouches on a tree branch which overhangs a stream, with his gun tightly clutched, watching for hostile Indians. The watch must necessarily be perpetual, for the Indian is jealous of his hunting-ground and its game. Each is against the other. The white man against Indian and buffalo; the red man against buffalo and pale-face. There is something terrible in this solitude, full of unseen but constantly anticipated dangers from savages both human and bestial.

With reference to this picture, which is a sketch from actual experience, the artist writes: "On settling down into camp one or more of us had to turn out and make a circuit of a mile or more, as the 'reds' were rampant on the Republican River Prairie, and have an unpleasant partiality for white scalps."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The greatest depth between the west end of Cuba and the coast of Yucatan found by the Coast Survey steamer *Bibb* is 1164 fathoms, as reported to Professor Peirce by Captain Robert Platt, commanding the surveying vessel. The lowest temperature observed is 39.5° F. at the bottom; surface, 81°; strongest current, two knots; direction, north. Dr. Stimpson reports the bottom from Cape San Antonio to Yucatan very barren of animal life. A few rare shells were found.

As is well known grouse, pheasants, ptarmigans, and some other gallinacea have a red patch or wattle above the eye, this being so conspicuous in some species as to resemble a piece of red flannel. This has lately been subjected to a careful analysis by Dr. Wurm, who ascertained that it contains a new organic coloring material, which he calls *Tetronerythrin*, or grouse red. It seems to lie in the deeper strata of the epidermis, like the coloring matter of the human skin, and to be partly dissolved in the deep layers of the cells, and partly to occur in granules. It appears, however, to have nothing in common with the coloring matter of the blood. The fact has been well known to hunters that if a white cloth be rubbed over this red process the color will come off.

At a meeting of the Geographical Society of London a communication was presented by Captain Blakiston containing the result of certain investigations of the island of Yesso, in Japan. This gentleman, formerly belonging to the Royal Artillery, was some years ago engaged in taking magnetic and other observations in the Rocky Mountains of the Hudson Bay Company's territory north of the United States line, and during his residence there made a very valuable collection of birds and eggs, of which an account was published in the London *Ibis*. He has since then been almost entirely occupied, without intermission, in explorations of China and Japan, and has added very much to our knowledge of those countries. In the course of his last exploration he went to visit Akis Bay, in the southwestern coast, and thence by land almost entirely along the shore, round the island to Hakodadi. He gives interesting details of the physical features of the island, as also of the inhabitants, who are known as the hairy men, or Ainos—a race entirely different from the Japanese proper, and characterized by a thick growth of hair on the body as well as on the head and chin.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, in the *Mechanic's Magazine*, seems quite inclined to favor the hypothesis that many, if not all, meteorites are derived from the discharge of matter from the sun, and states that, however strange and startling this idea may be at first sight, it can not be condemned as illusory. He suggests that the solar prominences may result from the shooting forth of liquid or solid masses or streams of matter, and that what we know as meteorites may have been propelled from beneath the surface of the sun.

Mr. Runyard follows in the same vein, and thinks that even if meteorites are not composed of ejected masses, they may be formed by the aggregation of metallic vapors emitted from the sun or other stars.

According to the English *Naval and Military Gazette* a screw corvette, named the *Challenger*, is to be commissioned by the Admiralty early in the summer for a voyage of exploration and research. This idea was presented by some English naturalists last year as worthy of adoption, and it is a source of gratification to them to learn that the authorities are likely to carry it out. The expedition will probably be accompanied by several scientific specialists, with Captain Nares in command; and it is expected that some years may be employed in the work, and that the research will be especially directed to the vicinity of the islands of the Pacific.

The papers have lately contained a sensational item in reference to an alleged communication from Professor Plantamour, of Geneva, to the effect that, according to his calculations, the earth, on the 12th of August, would come in collision with a very large comet, which in volume far surpasses all that have hitherto appeared. Its approach is to be rendered sensible by an extraordinary degree of heat, and a catastrophe is not to be avoided except by the deviation of the rapidly approaching comet, produced by the attraction of some other heavenly body, within the scope of whose influence it may come. Our readers, however, need not be alarmed by the prospect, as the fact is simply that about the 10th to the 12th of August the earth will cross the meteoric stream which was so conspicuous in 1866, and which has some interesting relations to the orbit of the comet of 1862. It is not, however, impossible that an unusually brilliant display of meteors may be seen about this time, together with some extraordinary auroral phenomena; and we presume that astronomers and physicists will be prepared to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered for spectroscopic and other research.

The fifth report of Mr. Charles G. Atkins, Commissioner of Fisheries for the State of Maine, has just made its appearance, and, like its predecessors, embraces matter of much importance in the interest of pisciculture. For various reasons the labors of the commissioner during the past year were directed mainly to the question of salmon-breeding, less attention having been paid to the construction of fish-ways than in former years, and nothing at all done in regard to the cultivation of species other than the salmon.

For some time past the commissioners and the fish-culturists of the New England States and of New York have been dependent for a supply of salmon eggs upon the establishment of Mr. Wilmot, of Newcastle, Ontario, now under the official direction of the Fishery Department of Canada; but the prices charged are so enormous—namely, $40 in gold per 1000—that it was considered best to attempt to secure them from other sources, especially in view of the suggestion that the Lake Ontario salmon are not true sea salmon, but pass all their life in the fresh waters of that lake. For this purpose the Penobscot River was selected, and the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut having expressed a readiness to co-operate, the operations were commenced on the 7th day of June, 1871. The fish were taken in the weirs in the vicinity of Bucksport, and transported to Craig's Pond Brook, in Orland, which was supposed to be peculiarly fitted for the purpose of breeding the fish.

After various experiences, for which we must refer to the report of the commissioner, about 72,000 eggs were obtained and divided among the States mentioned, at an actual cost of about $18 per thousand. It is thought by Mr. Atkins that another season, with the experience of the past, they can be obtained in any desirable quantity at $8 a thousand.

As among the more important results of this experiment it is stated that salmon can be kept in confinement in a small inclosure from June to November, and that they will develop their spawn and milt to perfect maturity. It was found that they can live in any pond, river, or brook water, provided there be a sufficient change to prevent stagnation, with the depth not less than four feet, that they be not too much crowded, that the bottom be not newly submerged, that the water be not too transparent, and, in the case of a brook, that there be not a large percentage of water from springs in the immediate vicinity.

A most important fact ascertained was the possibility of what is known as the dry process of fertilizing the eggs. The usual practice has been to squeeze out the eggs and milt into a dish of water, and to secure contact by stirring the water; but it has been ascertained that the less water there is with the eggs, the more effectual is the application of the milt, and the nearest approach to perfect success is in the entire absence of water.

In these experiments the eggs were squeezed from the belly of the living female into a dry tin pan, and when all had been obtained a living male was taken, and, being held over the pan, his milt was forced into it. Being of the consistency of cream, this milt does not immediately spread over all the eggs, and it is necessary to give this a motion over the bottom of the pan until contact has been effected. After this, and not sooner, water is to be added. The theory of this process lies in the alleged fact that the milt loses all its potency within two minutes at the longest after it is put into the water; so that unless discharged in a perfectly fresh condition, so that it will be carried immediately in contact with the eggs, the latter will fail of fecundation. When not mingled with water the milt, it is said, can be kept in a bottle for days and still retain its power of fertilization—a fact of which important application will doubtless be made hereafter in fish-breeding.

This process of dry fecundation, as it is called, is the discovery of a Russian gentleman, Mr. Vrasski, and was, we understand, first introduced to the notice of American fish-culturists by Mr. G. Sheppard Page; and it is said that while by the old method only 65 per cent. of eggs are fecundated, by the new one the average is 96 per cent. These facts were prominently brought before the convention of fish-culturists held at Albany in February last, and will, doubtless, be taken into proper account in all future experiments.

Professor Cope has shown, in a paper read to the American Philosophical Society, that the greater number of the fossil fishes of the cretaceous strata of Kansas belong to three families—namely, the *Saurodontidæ*, the *Pachyrhizodontidæ*, and the *Stratodontidæ*. Of the first family four genera and ten species are described in his paper, some of them (as those of the genus *Portheus*) being among the most formidable of marine fishes. Of the second family one genus and four species are introduced, and three genera and seven species of the third. The *Stratodus*, a genus of the *Stratodontidæ*, is provided with multitudes of minute shovel-headed teeth. He finds a great resemblance between this Kansas fauna and that of the English chalk, no less than six of the eight Kansas genera having been found in the latter.

The second annual meeting of the American Fish-Culturists' Association was held at Albany on the 7th of February last, and was attended by a large number of gentlemen interested in the subject of breeding and rearing fish. The opportunity afforded of a mutual exchange of experiences among the leading professional fish-breeders of the country will doubtless be productive of very useful results, as enabling each to become familiar with the details of practice introduced by his colleagues, thus preparing all to start under better auspices for the future campaign.

Papers were read on spawning races and the impregnation of eggs, in which what is called the dry process of impregnation, and to which we have already referred, was illustrated.

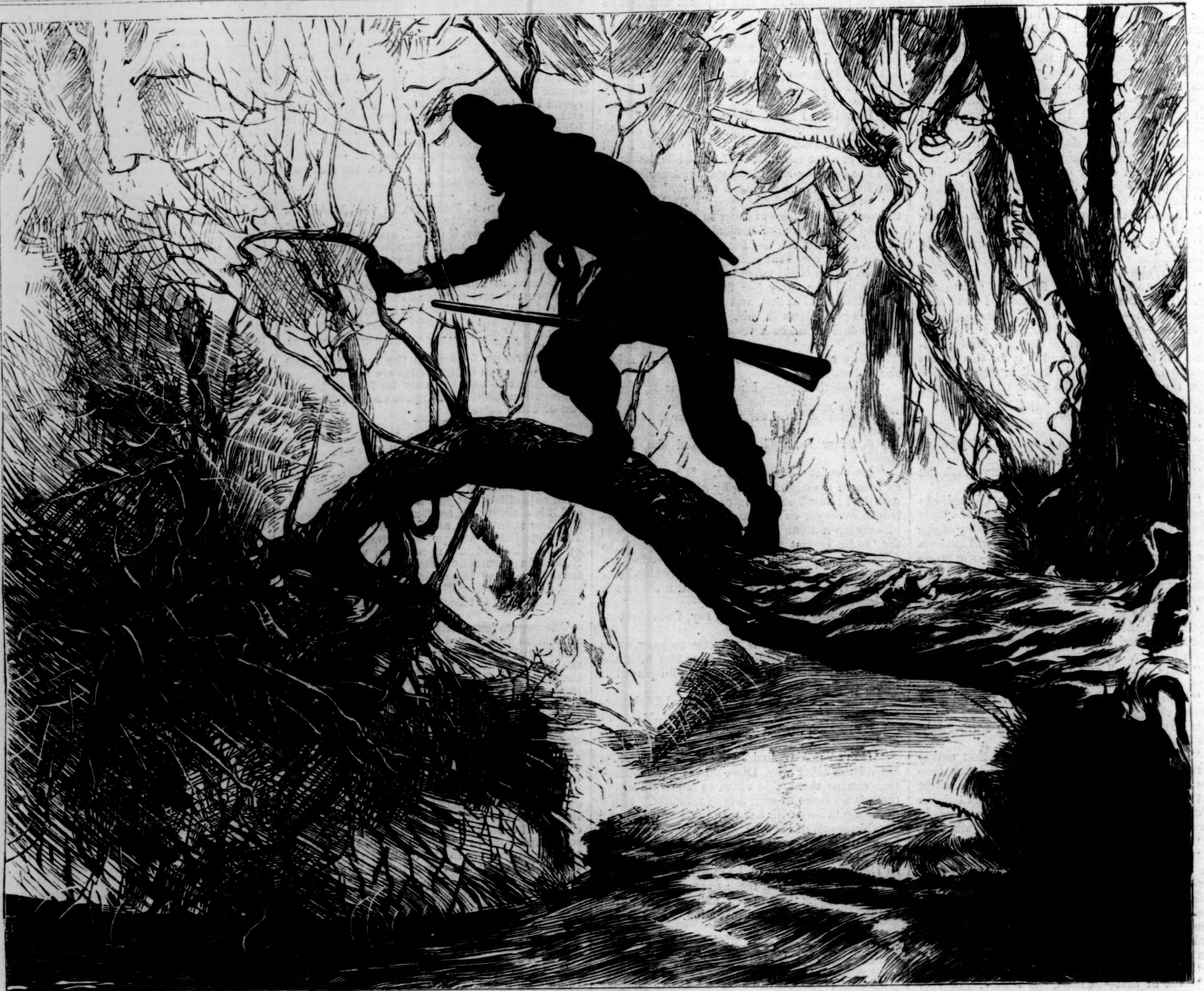
Mr. Clift read a paper on the culture of shad, and Dr. Edmunds, of Vermont, one on the introduction of salmon into American rivers, these appearing to be the principal communications of the session. Measures were taken to impress Congress with the importance of extending national aid to the fish-breeding interest by making an appropriation to start one or more establishments where salmon, trout, white-fish, and shad, more especially, could be raised and used in stocking waters not at present supplied with them. In support of this proposition it was argued that most of the great waters, whether of lake or river, are connected with several States, and that if the matter be left to the States themselves, improper legislation by one, or failure to legislate by another, might produce such contradictory results as to render almost nugatory any efforts in the direction indicated; whereas, if left to the government, the action would be homogeneous and uniform, being based upon the best known methods.

The officers of the association for the ensuing year are, Rev. W. Clift, president; B. F. Bowles, treasurer; and Livingston Stone, secretary; and the counting-house of Mr. George Sheppard Page, No. 10 Warren Street, New York, was fixed upon as head-quarters of the association.

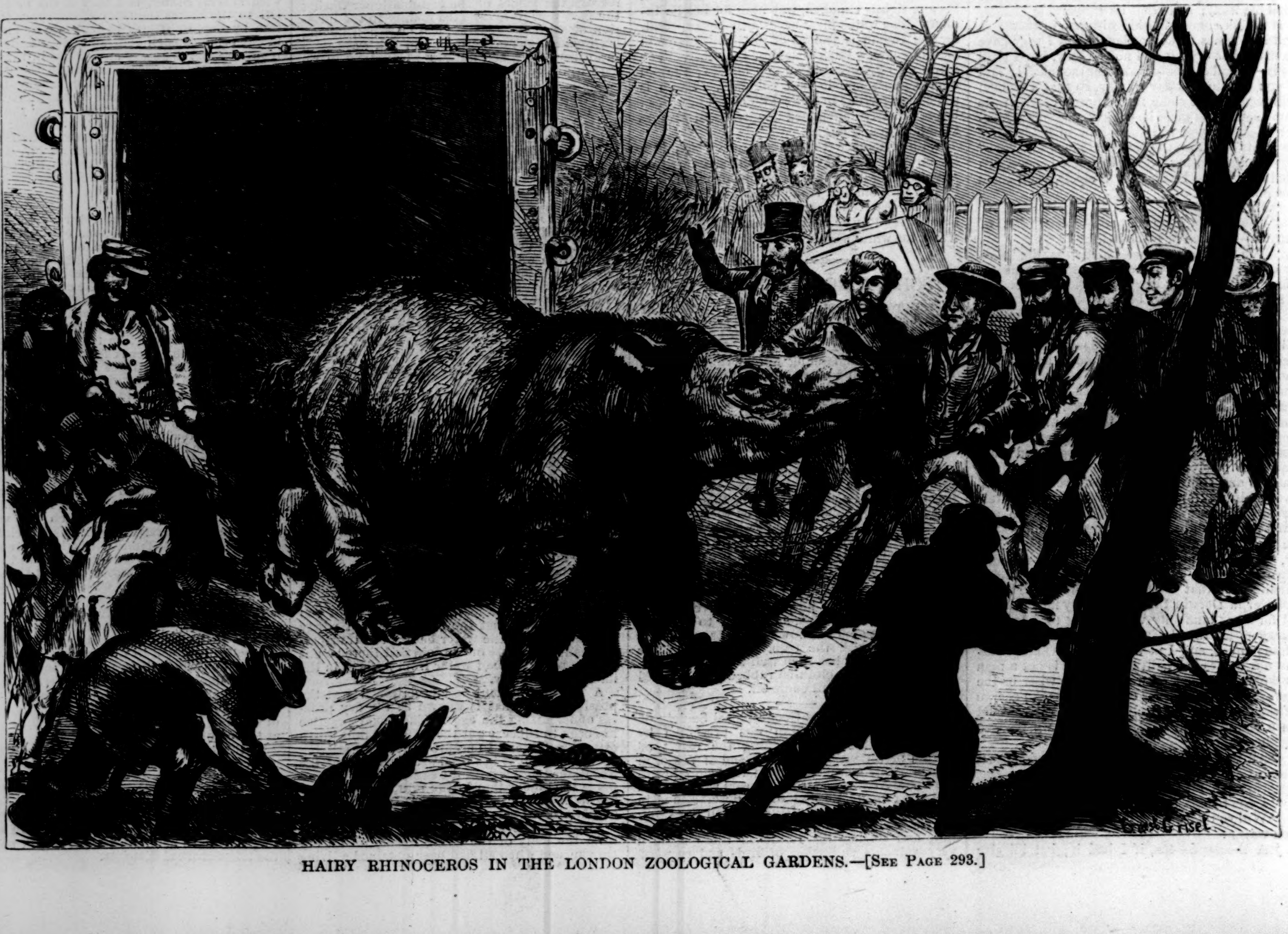
Dr. Schweinfurth has returned to Europe from Africa, after an arduous exploration, the results of which have been of much interest. Most of our readers have seen his account of his journey to the country of the Niam-Niams of the Western Upper Nile. The collections made by him during his visit up to the beginning of December, 1870, together with his scientific equipment, were destroyed by fire, with the exception of a small portion that had been sent to Berlin. His subsequent explorations were made under great disadvantages from the loss of his apparatus; but his experience as a traveler enabled him to prosecute his labors under this embarrassment and obtain important results. His most important geographical determination was the fact that the Baehr-el-Arab is the main stream of the basin which empties into the Nile at the Baehr-el-Ghazal.

We note an article in the Germantown *Telegraph* of February 21 upon the fur-producing animals of New Jersey, in which the various species are enumerated. This, while evincing a certain amount of familiarity with the subject, is evidently a little at fault in regard to the species, especially in the statement that the American badger is to be met with within these limits. It will, we think, be news to the naturalists of Pennsylvania and New Jersey to be told that the badger is an inhabitant of the latter State. Its distribution has been generally considered as confined to the prairies of the West, finding its eastern limit, perhaps, in Illinois. It is quite likely that the animal referred to is the woodchuck, which sometimes bears that name; but we doubt whether any considerable number of skins of this animal could be sold, as stated, at three dollars each.

Of the foxes four species are named—the gray, red, cross, and silver fox. We doubt very much whether any silver-foxes have been killed lately in New Jersey, and the case is but little less improbable in regard to the cross foxes. We would also consider the occurrence of the beaver in the State as extremely doubtful, although, of course, they may have maintained a footing in some of the less disturbed districts.



ON THE SCOUT.—[See Page 291.]

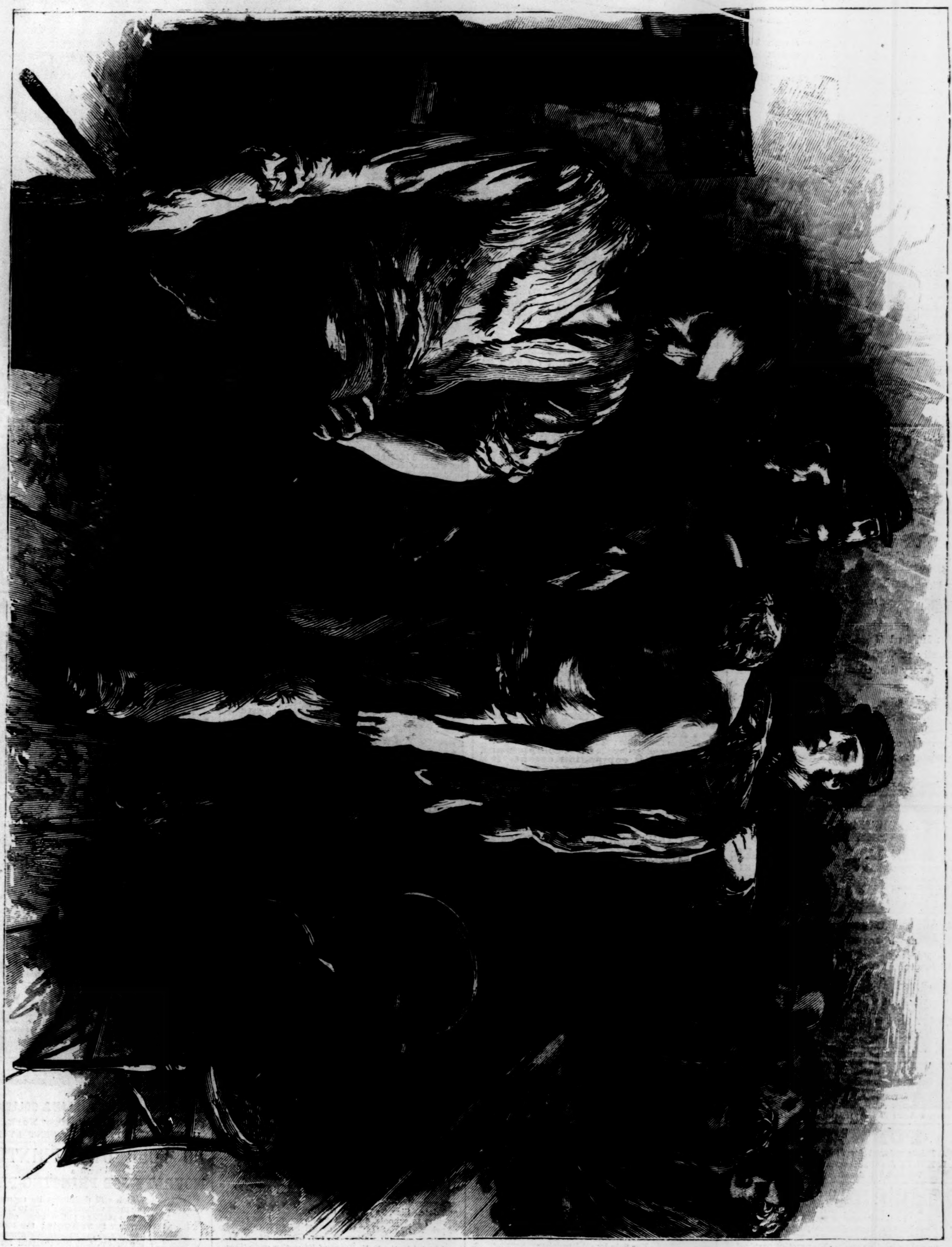


HAIRY RHINOCEROS IN THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—[See Page 293.]

THE GARROTER'S REWARD.

The crime of garroting, for the purpose of robbery, became so frequent in London a few years since that extraordinary measures were adopted by the police authorities to put an end to it. The usual modes of punishment appeared to have no effect, and recourse was at last had to flogging. The effect was at once marked. There was a decided diminution in the number of that kind of offenses; and although there is a popular repugnance to flogging, yet the public saw it was better that a few hardened criminals should have their backs well scored with the lash than that innocent persons should be choked and robbed with impunity.

The illustration on this page shows the flogging-block in the scaffold-room at Newgate prison, England, from which a stalwart garroter has just been released. There are two holes on each side of the centre for the arms, the innermost being used for boys when they are whipped. The artist who made the sketch was triced up to the machine just to try the effect, and found it impossible to move hand or foot.



THE GARROTER'S REWARD—A SCENE IN NEWGATE.

THE HAIRY RHINOCEROS.

Of this singular-looking inmate of the London Zoological Gardens, of which we give an illustration on page 292, Mr. **Frank Buckland**, the distinguished naturalist, writes in *Land and Water:* "The collection in the elephant-house is just now a grand sight. There are four elephants—two Indian, two African—and four rhinoceroses—one Nubian (probably the Muchoch or 'white rhinoceros' of Gordon Cumming)—two single-horned Indian rhinoceroses, and lastly the new arrival, the double-horned Sumatran rhinoceros. The peculiarity of this beast—I can not call it handsome—is that it is hairy. The great pig-like, watchful, ever-moving ears are fringed with a row of long, erect hairs, giving the appearance of a horse wearing worsted ear-caps to keep off the flies. The hair on the back is something like the hog mane of a horse, and of the rusty sand-color of the old-fashioned Berkshire pig. The sides are also covered with shortish light down, like the hair on a baby's head. The physiognomy is not like that of other rhinoceroses. 'Begum'—for she is a lady rhinoceros—has an ancient and antediluvian look about her, and very likely the old English *Rhinoceros trichorhinus*, whose bones my father discovered in the celebrated hyena cave in Kirkdale, in Yorkshire, had the same kind of phiz. Her face is covered with wrinkles. There is a great 'crow's-foot,' on her cheek, and deep wrinkles round her eyes, so that she has somewhat the appearance of a very aged disagreeable old man. She has also the peculiarity of shutting her lower eyelid, instead of the upper, when she wants to take 'forty winks.' Although called the Sumatran rhinoceros, 'Begum' was caught near Chittagong, and was partly led and partly driven, with ropes round her legs, like a pig going to market, all the way through the jungle from that place to the river, a task which does

Mr. JAMRACH much credit. She traveled best at night, and would then follow her keeper, who walked in front with a lighted lantern kept close to the ground. The guide used to sing to her at night as she trotted along, and the natives joined in chorus. In the streets of Calcutta she lay down like a sulky pig, and they had to wet the road so as to make it semi-mud and drag her along bodily. She was shipped on board the steamer *Petersburg* at Calcutta, and brought direct to the Milwall Docks in a gigantic cage made of teak. The transfer of this valuable animal—for she cost more than £1000—from her traveling-box to the elephant-house along the path was effected by Mr. BARTLETT with his usual ability and tact. He was, of course, assisted by Mr. JAMRACH, who knew the habits of the animal well. She had to walk comparatively loose some sixty or eighty yards."

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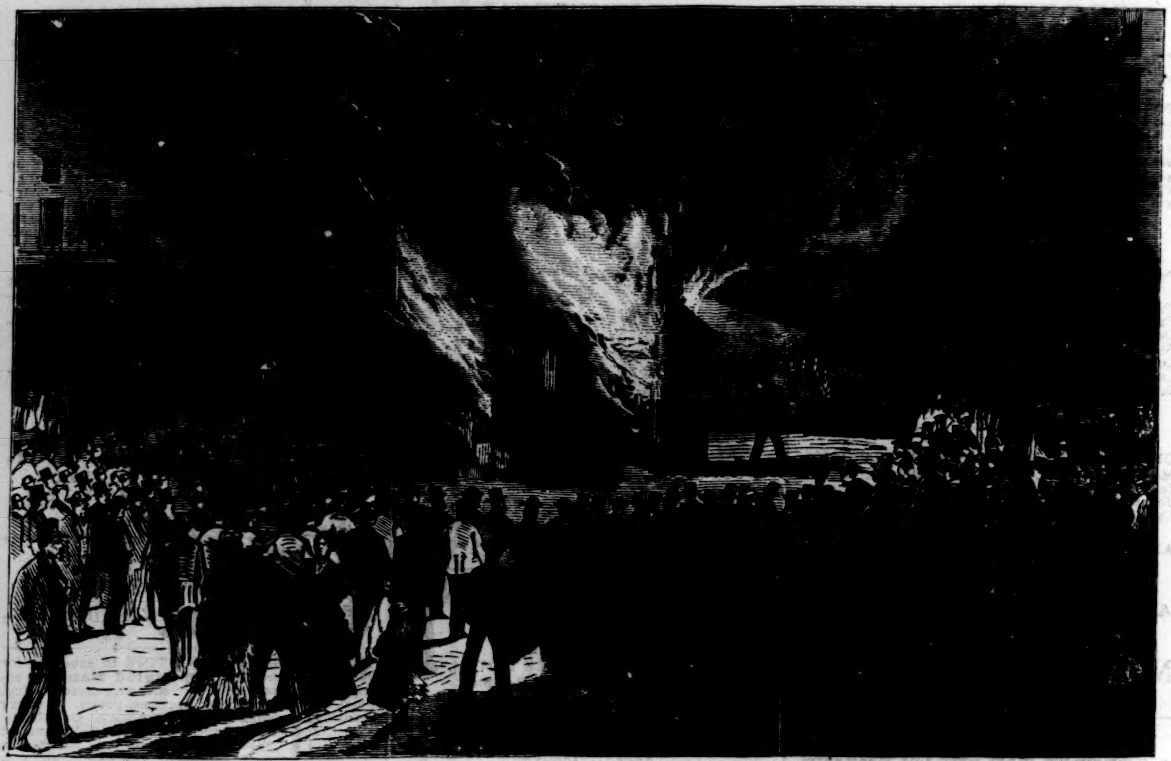
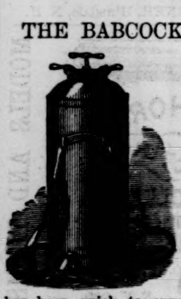


EXHIBITION OF THE BABCOCK FIRE EXTINGUISHER, AT THE FOOT OF WALL ST., NEW YORK.

THE BABCOCK EXTINGUISHER



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Our illustration represents a practical test of the Babcock Extinguisher, at the foot of Wall St., on the afternoon of the 22d of January. A frame house, 12 feet by 14 inside, and 15 feet high, was erected, and in this were placed twelve tar barrels, a wagon-load of shavings and kindling wood, and over the whole were poured ten gallons of kerosene oil and benzine. To this most inflammable mass a match was applied, and in an instant a roaring fire was in progress. The flames leaped up almost instantaneously many feet above the top of the little house, and the multitude scouted the idea of its being put out by any human agency. But a man soon appeared with one of the Extinguishers, and, turning the stream of water and gas to the burning pile, in forty-five seconds he had entirely extinguished the fire. The old firemen present said if they had found such a fire as that burning in any building they would have made no attempt to put it out, but would simply have endeavored to save adjoining property.

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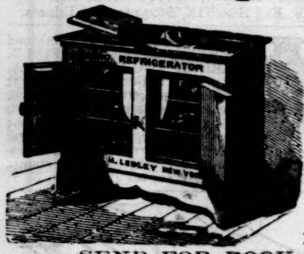
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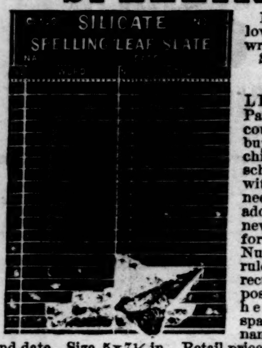

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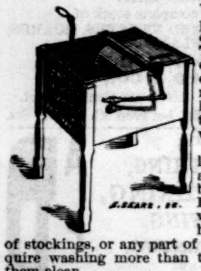

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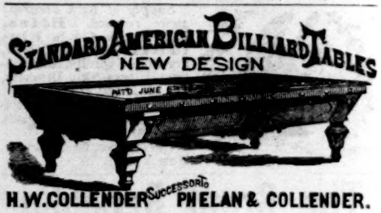

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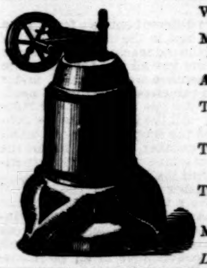

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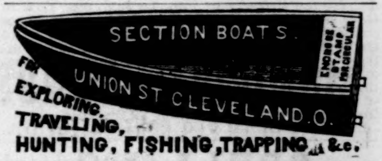
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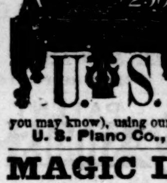

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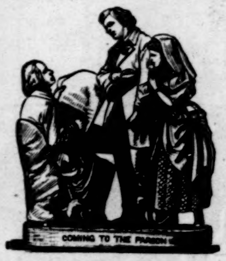

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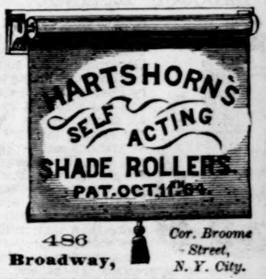
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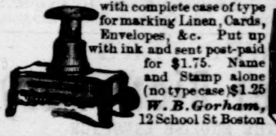

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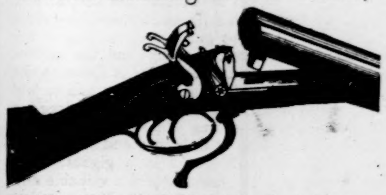

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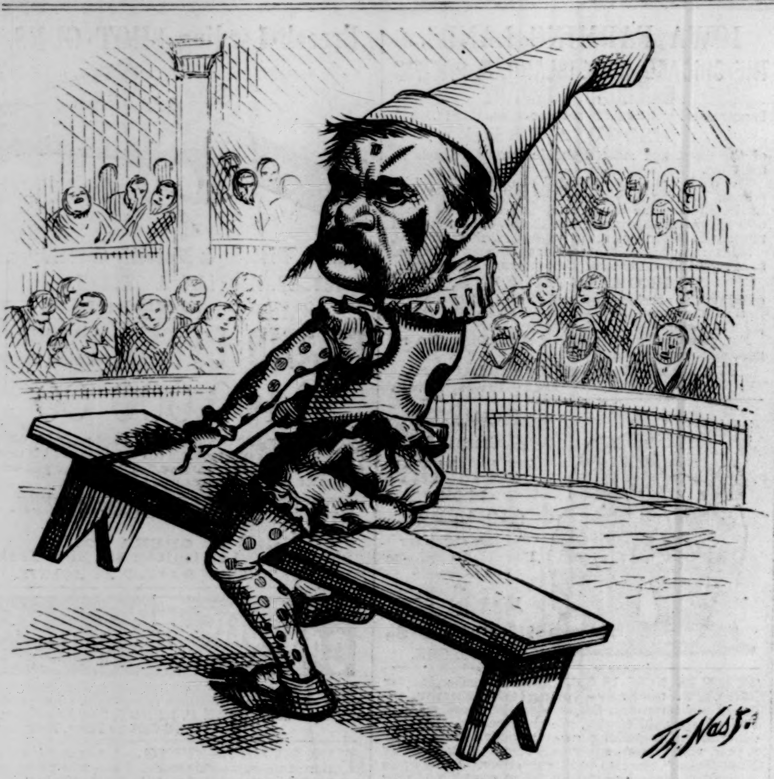

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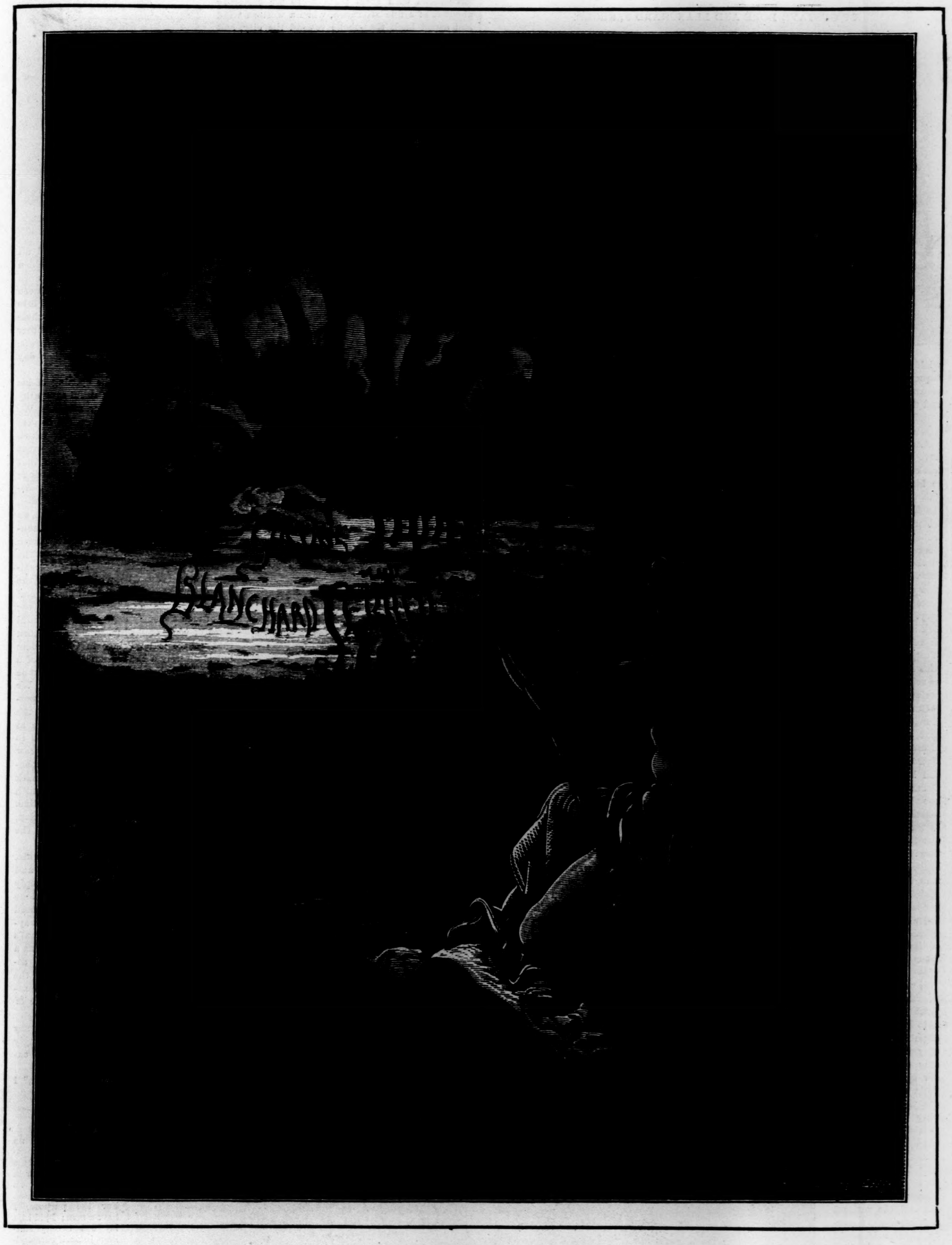


To be Completed in Twelve Parts.—Part I.

LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE.

BY GUSTAVE DORÉ AND BLANCHARD JERROLD.

INTRODUCTION.

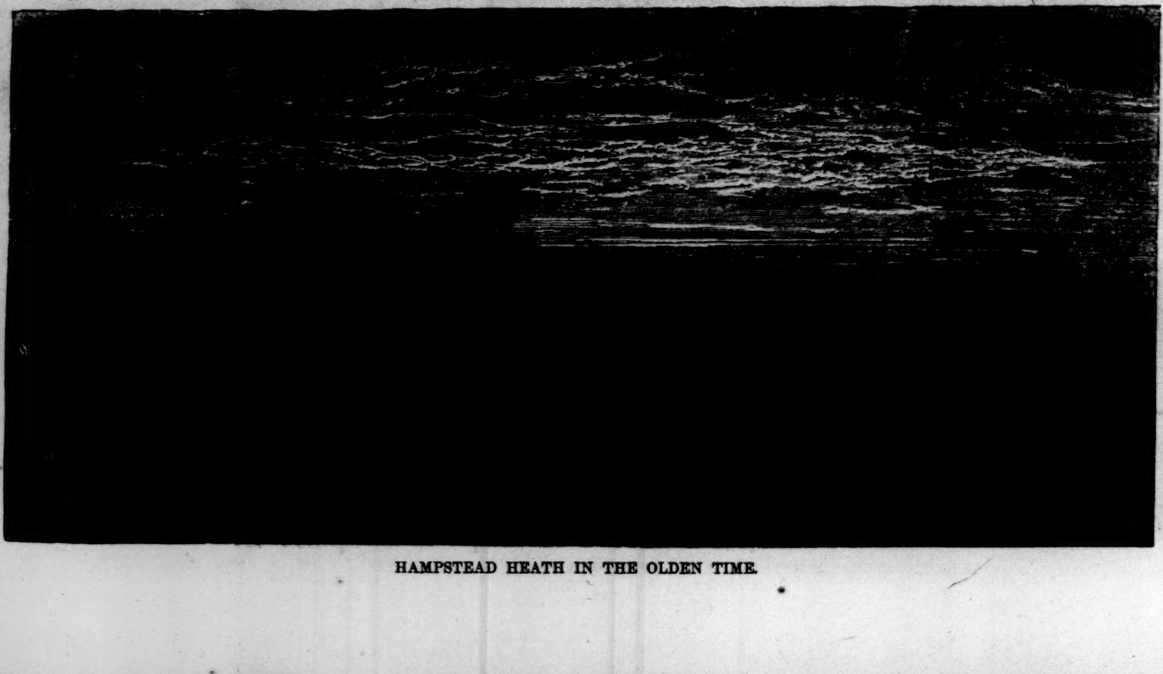
WE are Pilgrims, wanderers, gypsy loiterers in the great world of London—not historians of the ancient port and capital to which the Dinanters, of Dinant on the Meuse, carried their renowned brass vessels six hundred years ago. Upon the bosom of old Thames, now churned with paddle and screw, cargoes were borne to the ancestors of Chaucer. It is indeed an ancient tide of business and pleasure—ancient in the fabled days of the boy Whittington, listening to the bells at Highgate. We are true to remote amicable relations between the two foremost nations of the earth—we, French artist and English author—when we resolve to study some of the salient features of the greatest city of the world, together. Under the magic influence of its vastness, its prodigious unwieldy life, and its extraordinary varieties of manners, character, and external picturesqueness, a few pleasant days' wanderings through the light and shade of London became the habit of two or three seasons. Our excursions in quest of the picturesque and the typical at last embraced the mighty city, from the Pool to the slopes of Richmond.

We are wanderers; not, I repeat, historians.

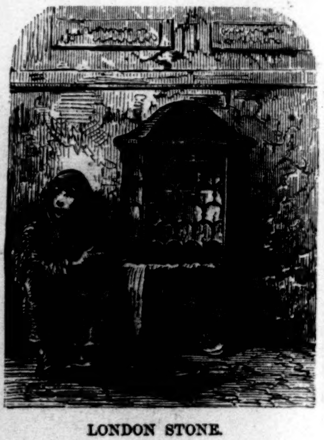
And we approach London by the main artery that feeds its unflinching vigor. We have seen the Titan awake and asleep—at work and at play. We have paid our court to him in his brightest and his happiest guises: when he stands solemn and erect in the dignity of his quaint and ancient state; when his steadfastness to the Old is illustrated by the dress of the Yeomen of the Guard, or his passion for the New is shown in the hundred changes of every passing hour. Hawthorne has observed that "human destinies look ominous without some perceptible intermixture of the sable or the gray." We have looked upon the Titan sick and hungering, and in his evil-doing; as well as in his pomp and splendor of the West, and in the exercise of his noble charities and sacrifices. We have endeavored to seize representative bits of each of the parts of the whole.

TOWER OF LONDON.

Our way has lain in the wake of Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb, rather than in that of Cunningham or Timbs. In his pleasant recollections connected with the Metropolis, Hunt observes, in his usual light and happy manner: "One of the best secrets of enjoyment is the art of cultivating pleasant associations. It is an art that of necessity increases with the stock of our knowledge; and though in acquiring our knowledge we must encounter disagreeable associations also, yet, if we secure a reasonable quantity of health by the way, these will be far less in number than the agreeable ones; for, unless the circumstances which gave rise to the associations press upon us, it is only from want of health that the power of throwing off their burdensome images becomes suspended." This is Hunt's cheery, speculative custom. He is, hereupon, off into the quarters that in his day were, to the ordinary man, the dreariest and most repulsive in London. But Leigh Hunt bore his own sunshine with him. The fog was powerless upon him. In vain the rain pattered upon his pleasant, handsome face. I think it is R. H Horne who wrote, "'Tis always sunrise somewhere in the world." In the heart of Hunt, Orion was forever purpling the sky. He is in St. Giles's—as St. Giles's was in his time: "We can never go through St. Giles's but the sense of the extravagant inequalities in human condition presses more forcibly upon us; but some pleasant images are at hand even there to refresh it. They do not displace the others, so as to injure the sense of public duty which they excited; they only serve to keep our spirits fresh for their task, and hinder them from running into desperation or hopelessness. In St. Giles's Church lie Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer; and Andrew Marvell, the wit and patriot, whose poverty Charles II. could not bribe. We are as sure to think of these two men, and of all the good and pleasure they have done to the world, as of the less happy objects about us. The steeple of the church itself, too, is a handsome one; and there is a flock of pigeons in that neighborhood which we have stood with great pleasure to see careering about it of a fine afternoon, when a western wind had swept back the smoke toward the city, and showed the white of the stone steeple piercing up into a blue sky. So much for St. Giles's, whose very name is a nuisance with some." And so the happy spirit trudges through the shadiest places; or will linger to gossip by London Stone of the mighty tides of life that have passed by it. Fletcher and Massinger lying in one grave at St. Saviour's in the Borough; Gower, Chaucer's contemporary, hard by—these give sunshine (with the memories folded about the Tabard) to Southwark. Spenser was born in Smithfield. It is a hard spot; but the poet, pacing Lombard Street, remembers that it is the birth-place of Pope, that Gray first saw the light in Cornhill, and that Milton was born in Bread Street, Cheapside.



HAMPSTEAD HEATH IN THE OLDEN TIME.



LONDON STONE.

Fleet Street holds a crowd of delightful associations. It is not the Queen's Highway, it is that of Johnson and Goldsmith, and all their goodly fellowship. The genius of Lord Bacon haunts Gray's Inn; that of Selden the Inner Temple; Voltaire appears in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden; Congreve in Surrey Street, Strand; John of Gaunt in Hatton Garden; and all the wits of Queen Anne's time in Russell Street by Drury Lane. As Hunt observes (he never went into a market, as he affectedly remarked, except to buy an apple or a flower), "the whole of Covent Garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose Street, and was buried in Covent Garden Church-yard; where Peter Pindar the other day followed him."

This amiable, scholarly outlook upon London is, as Hunt insists at the opening of his essay, a healthy habit of association. "It will relieve us, even when a painful sympathy with the distresses of others becomes a part of the very health of our minds." We have taken care that the happy images of the past which people the dreariest corners of London "never displaced the others, so as to injure the sense of public duty which they excite;" but we have leaned to the picturesque—the imaginative—side of the great city's life and movement. I apprehend that the lesson which Doré's pictorial renderings of our mercantile centre will teach, or discover, is that London, artistically regarded, is not, as the shallow have said so often, an ugly place, given up, body and soul, to money-grubbing. London, as compared with Paris, has a business air which tires the pleasure-seeker, and revolts many sentimental observers who will not be at the pains of probing our life. All classes and ranks of Englishmen in London have the air of men seriously engaged in the sordid cares of commercial life. Selden's remark that "there is no Prince in Christendom but is directly a Tradesman"* is that of a purely English mind. We are not prone to the picturesque side of any thing. We seldom pause to contemplate the proportions of St. Paul's, the grandeur of the Abbey, the beauty of the new Bridge at Westminster. How many have paused to watch one of these familiar hay or straw boats floating to London in the moonlight? How few turn out of Fleet Street (it is but a child's stone's-throw) to mark the quiet, neglected corner in the Temple where the mortal part of Oliver Goldsmith is laid! The mind of Hunt, in its exquisite sensibility and kindly vivacity, was Italian. He saw in our dismal alleys the cradle of the poet, the grand death-bed of the historian, the final agony of the forlorn boy who had nothing but a slate between his head and the thunder-cloud.

One Sunday night (we had been talking over a morning we had spent in Newgate, and of our hazardous journeys through the Dens and Kitchens of Whitechapel and Limehouse) Doré suddenly suggested a tramp to London Bridge. He had been deeply impressed with the groups of poor women and children we had seen upon the stone seats of the bridge one bright morning on our way to Shadwell. By night, it appeared to his imagination, the scene would have a mournful grandeur. We went. The wayfarers grouped and massed under the moon's light, with the ebon dome of St. Paul's topping the outline of the picture, engrossed him. In the midnight stillness there was a most impressive solemnity upon the whole, which penetrated the nature of the artist.

"And they say London is an ugly place!" was the exclamation.

"We shall see," I answered.

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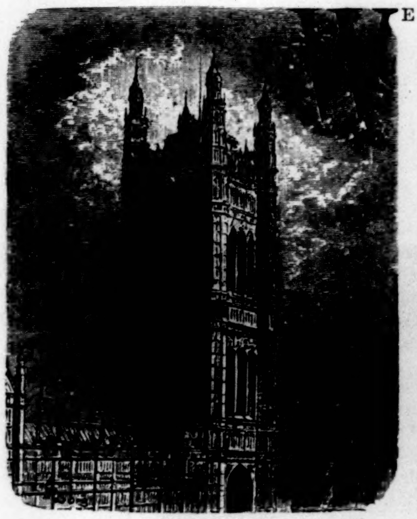
* "There is no Prince in Christendom but is directly a Tradesman, though in another way than an ordinary Tradesman. For the purpose, I have a man; I bid him lay out twenty shillings in such commodities; but I tell him for every shilling he lays out I will have a penny. I trade as well as he. This every Prince does in his Customs."

CHAPTER I.

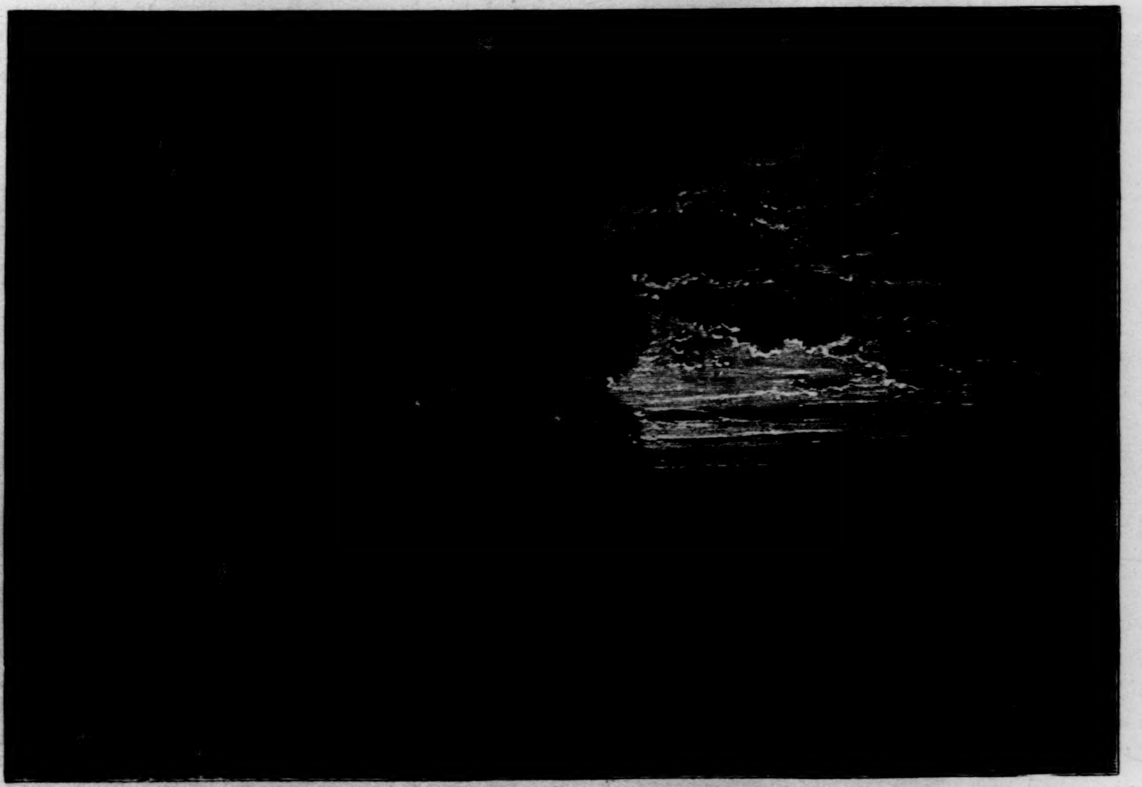
LONDON BRIDGE.



VICTORIA TOWER.

WE note between Greenwich and London that Commerce has not laid her treasures equally upon the right and left banks of the river, "as the herring-bone lies between the two sides," to use a Manx expression. But now, after passing the famous Hospital and the revelry-haunted Trafalgar, with its gay balconies and windows, the great proportion of the river activity leans to the right, where the shipping at the windings of the river appears to stand in serried rows and masses, out of the main-land. At hand the sky is webbed with rigging. The water swarms with busy men. You catch scraps of every tongue. The stately ocean fleets are the guard of honor of universal Trade—welcoming the guest just coming from the sea. These have borne the golden grain from the far East and the far West. The lightermen are receiving the barrels, the bales, the sacks, the hides. The creak of cranes and rattle of pulleys; the pulses of the steamships under way; the flapping of idle sails; the hoarse shouts of sailor-throats; the church-bells from many quarters; and through all the musical liquid movement and splashing of the water—strike a cheery note in the brain of the traveler who comes to us, by the Port, to London.

No artistic eye can watch the momentarily varying combinations and activities of the shore—and especially of the Middlesex shore—without frequent determinations to return and land. The glimpses of dark lanes and ancient broken tenements; the corner public-houses delightfully straggling from the perpendicular; the crazy watermen's stairs; the massive timber about the old warehouses; the merchandise swinging in the air midway from the lighter to the storage; the shapeless, black landing-stages, and the uncouth figures upon them—all in neutral tint, under a neutral-tinted sky—make the gay stern of a barge, or the warmth of an umber sail, or the white feather of steam (no sign of cowardice here), grateful resting-places, or centres, to the eye. The many forms and directions which human energy has taken on our scene fix and fascinate the attention. You wonder at the forests of masts that stretch far inland, lending to the docks a limitless expanse in the imagination. A train glides between the forests and the shore! A tug spurts smoke into your face. They are dancing on the deck of the Gravesend boat. The stern-faced Thames police are pulling vigorously from under our bows. There is hoarse and coarse comment from the bridge of our good ship, delivered by the river pilot, and addressed to a pleasure-party in a wherry, making for the rude and savage enjoyments of Shadwell. To the right lie, in trim array, some strange ships from Denmark; to the left, Italian decks. The Ostend and Antwerp hulls are of imposing build. Then there are the burly Scotch boats, and some Clyde clippers.



THE TWO PILGRIMS.

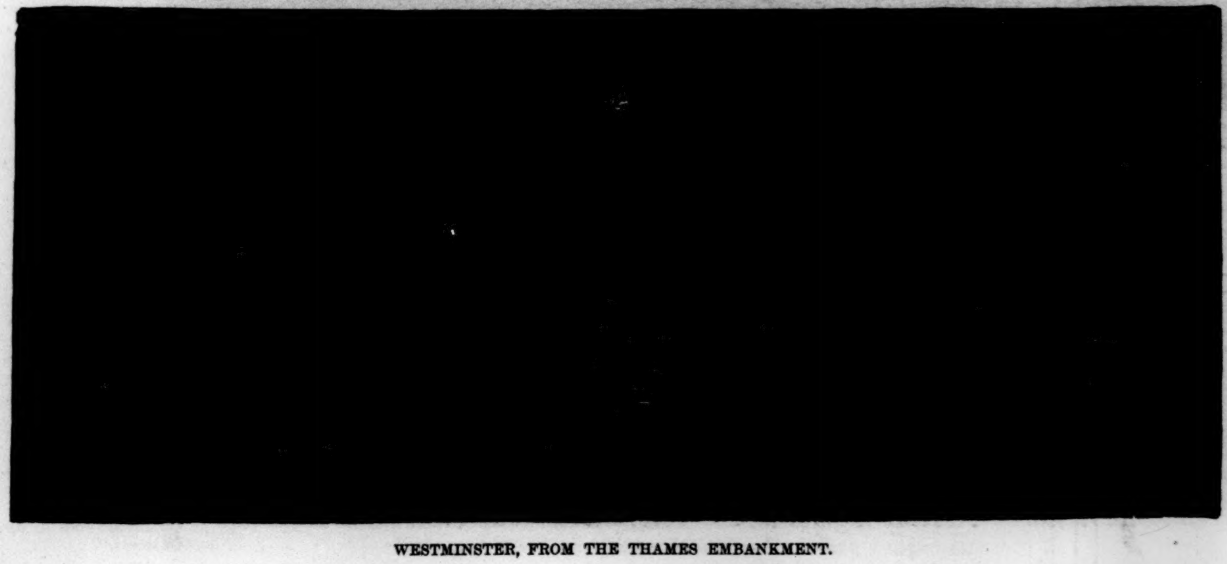
The Clyde! We are drawn to the Kentish shore, which presents a woful river-side spectacle. The great ship-yards and lines; the empty sheds, like deserted railway stations; the muddy, melancholy bank, and all the evidence of immense doings which are ended—smite us with a sad force as we pass Cherry-tree Pier. Behind this jetty of pretty name, suggestive of pranks in laughing gardens, lies, in the lanes and streets of Deptford and thereabouts, the worst part of the Great City's story. This shore, from Woolwich almost to London Bridge, is idle. The "clanging rookery" of shipwrights is as silent as the Chapels of Westminster Abbey. There is rust upon every thing. There are cobwebs in the wheels, and dust on all—except the little emigration offices. "Better a good dinner than a fine coat:" but it has so happened that the coat is in pawn, and the dinner is not in the cupboard. This is the dead shore. No breaking of bottles upon new bows; no flags; no sweet voices to name the noble ship! The convicts have departed from the highway; and so have the doughty Thames shipwrights, who put the *Great Eastern* and fleets of ocean steamers together. But crowded craft afloat close up before the desolation of the empty, silent yards, as the troops mass themselves before the ugly gaps on a royal progress. Should another songster of the Thames—another John Taylor, the Water Poet—arise, to sing of the pageantries of commerce, which are the water tournaments—the quintains—of our time, we can only wish him the independent manliness of the ancient bard of the sculls, who plied his trade and sang, and found his inspiration

"A kingdom of content itself."

Through nearly two centuries and a half have these waters ebbed and flowed, fruit-laden with the natural bounties of every clime; and yet we find the "jolly young waterman" as rare by stairs, or jetty, or pier, or bridge, as ever. But as a grumbler he has established a reputation only equaled by that of the British farmer.

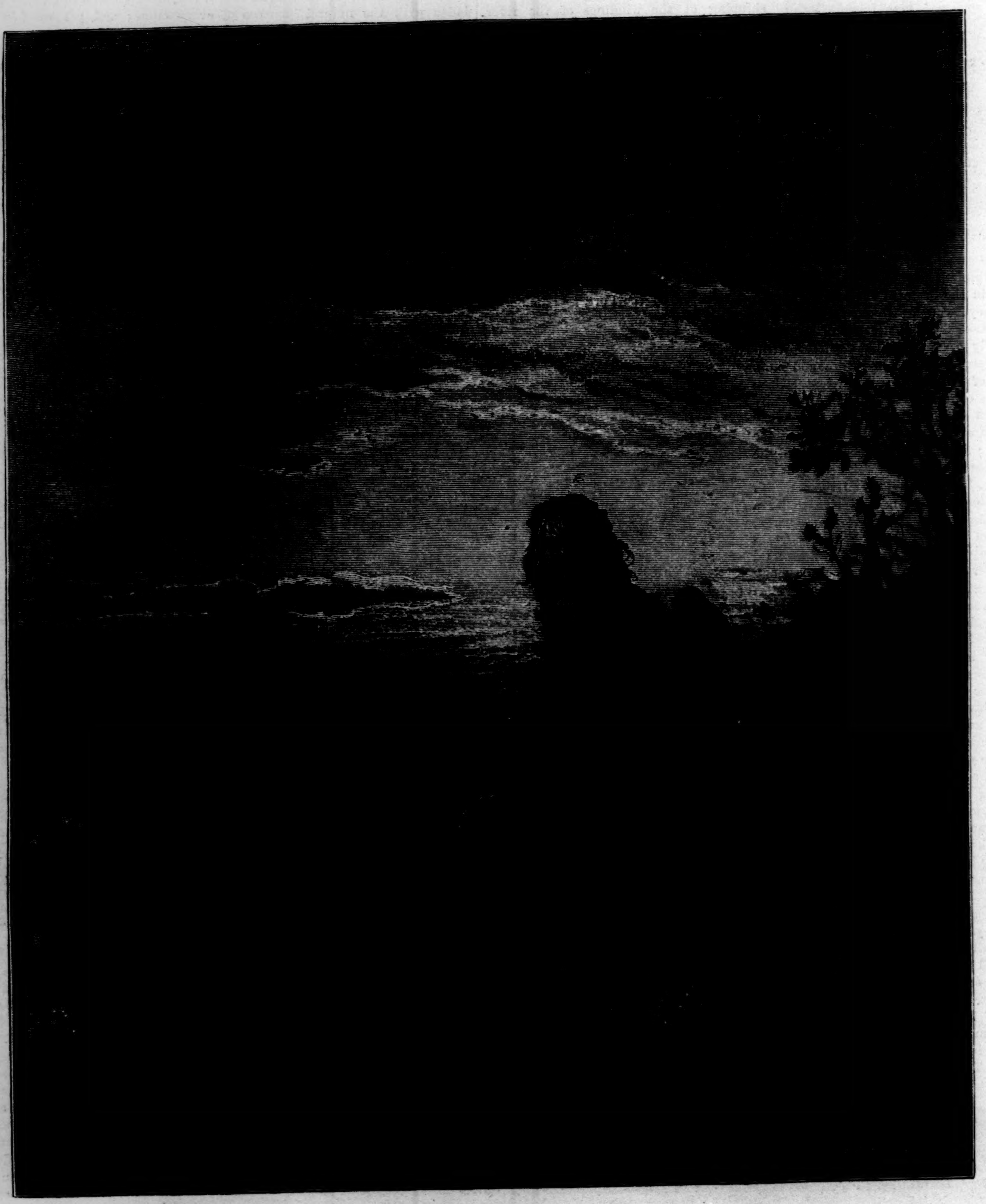
And still the bustle thickens upon the tide. The boats come and go, and sidle and shift, and bewilder the sight and sense. The water is churned with paddles and oars; and the tiny skiffs dance and plunge in the swell of the steamers. We have passed the old Thames Tunnel stairs—with more brilliantly accidental lines of sheds and houses and [illegible]—all in neutral tint still; and the Tower of London appears, through the tangle of tiers of ships; and we see the muddy Thames lapping idly against Traitors' Gate—with the whirl and stir of red Billingsgate beyond—receiving the disgorgement of the fishing-boats and screws. The progress of our big ship now appears to be a well-contested, inch-by-inch fight. The pilot waves the little interloping boats out of the way, and they pass to starboard and larboard within a hand's length of the paddle-wheels. The barges, broadside to the stream, float on—the bargees remaining wholly unconcerned at the passion and vociferations of the pilot. We are within an ace of running into every thing before us: while the sailors in the fleets at anchor on either side smoke their pipes leaning over the bulwarks, and smile at every difficulty.

London Bridge stretches across the river. London Bridge and the Pont Neuf are the two historical bridges of the world: bridges charged with mystery, romance, and tragedy. It is curious to see the eager faces that crowd to the sides of a steamer from the ocean when London Bridge is fairly outlined against the horizon, and the dome of St. Paul's rises behind. This is the view of London which is familiar to all civilized peoples. "Le Pont de Londres!" the Frenchman exclaims, carrying his vivacious eyes rapidly over its proportions. The laden barges are sweeping through the arches, dipping sails and masts as they go; the Express boats are shooting athwart the stream above bridge; the Citizen boats are packed to the prow; the Monument stands clearly out of the confusion; the parapet of the bridge is crowded with dull faces looking down upon us as we swing about toward the sea again: we perceive the slow, unbroken stream of heavy traffic trailing to and fro, behind the gaping crowd, over the bridge. The deep hum of work-a-day London is upon us, and the church-bells are musical through it, singing the hour to the impatient money-makers!

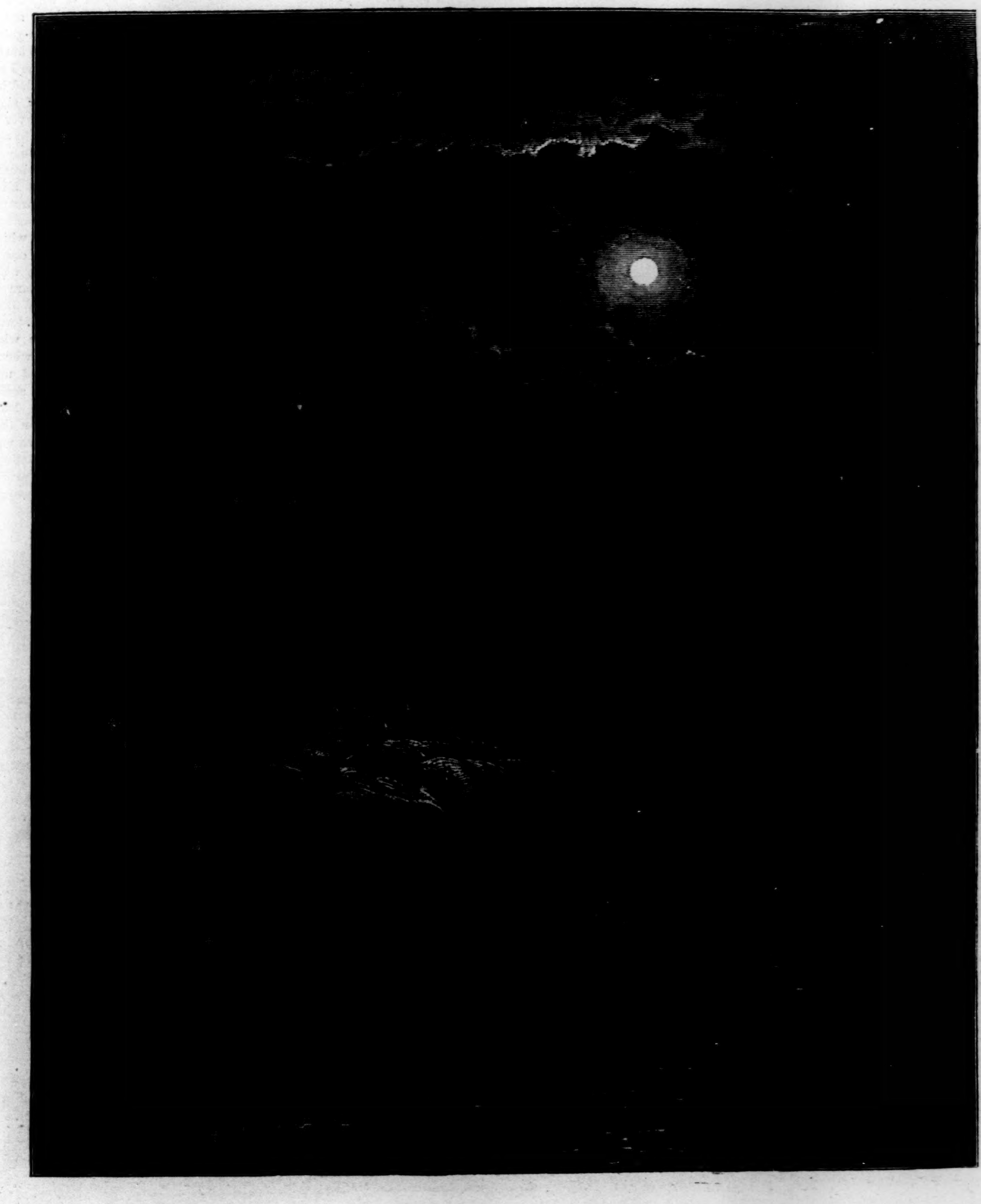


WESTMINSTER, FROM THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

London Bridge is invested with a charm that belongs to no other fabric that spans the Thames. Nearly at this point of the river London city was connected with Southwark in the days of William the Conqueror. It was the only passage in the olden time between London and the Continent; the single road by which we communicated with the ancient Cinque Ports and the Foreigner. It was the highway of State; the mouth of London communicating with the rich and populous south. It

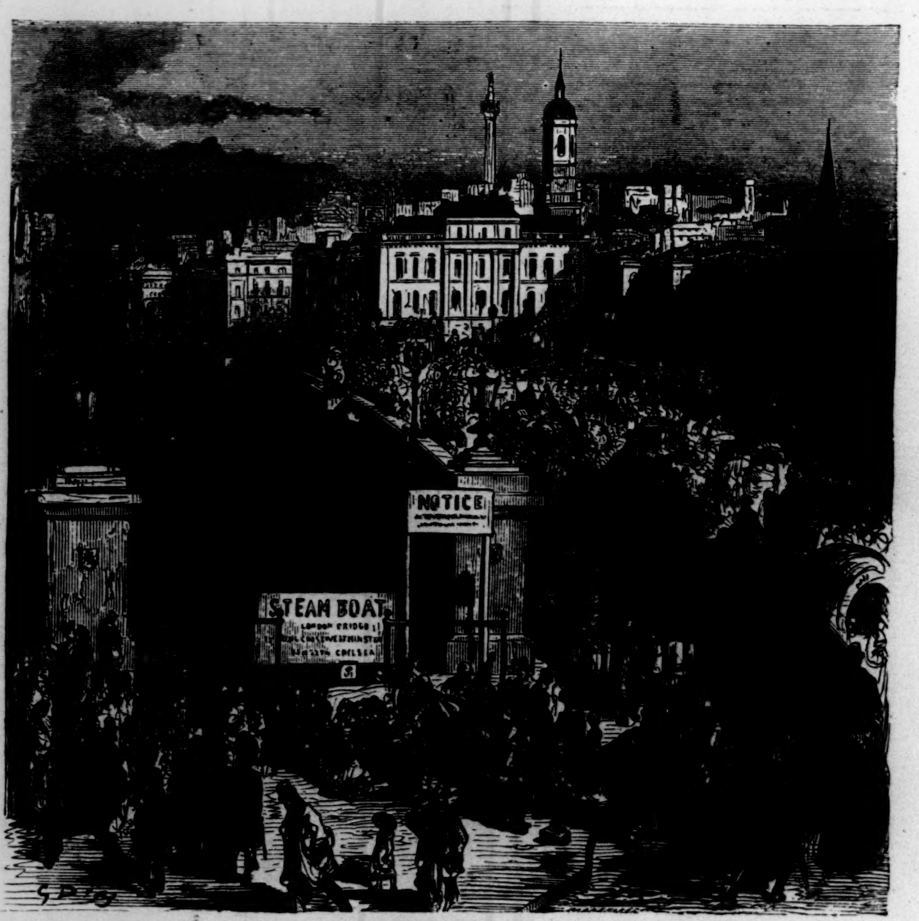


WHITTINGTON AT HIGHGATE.



HAY-BOATS ON THE THAMES

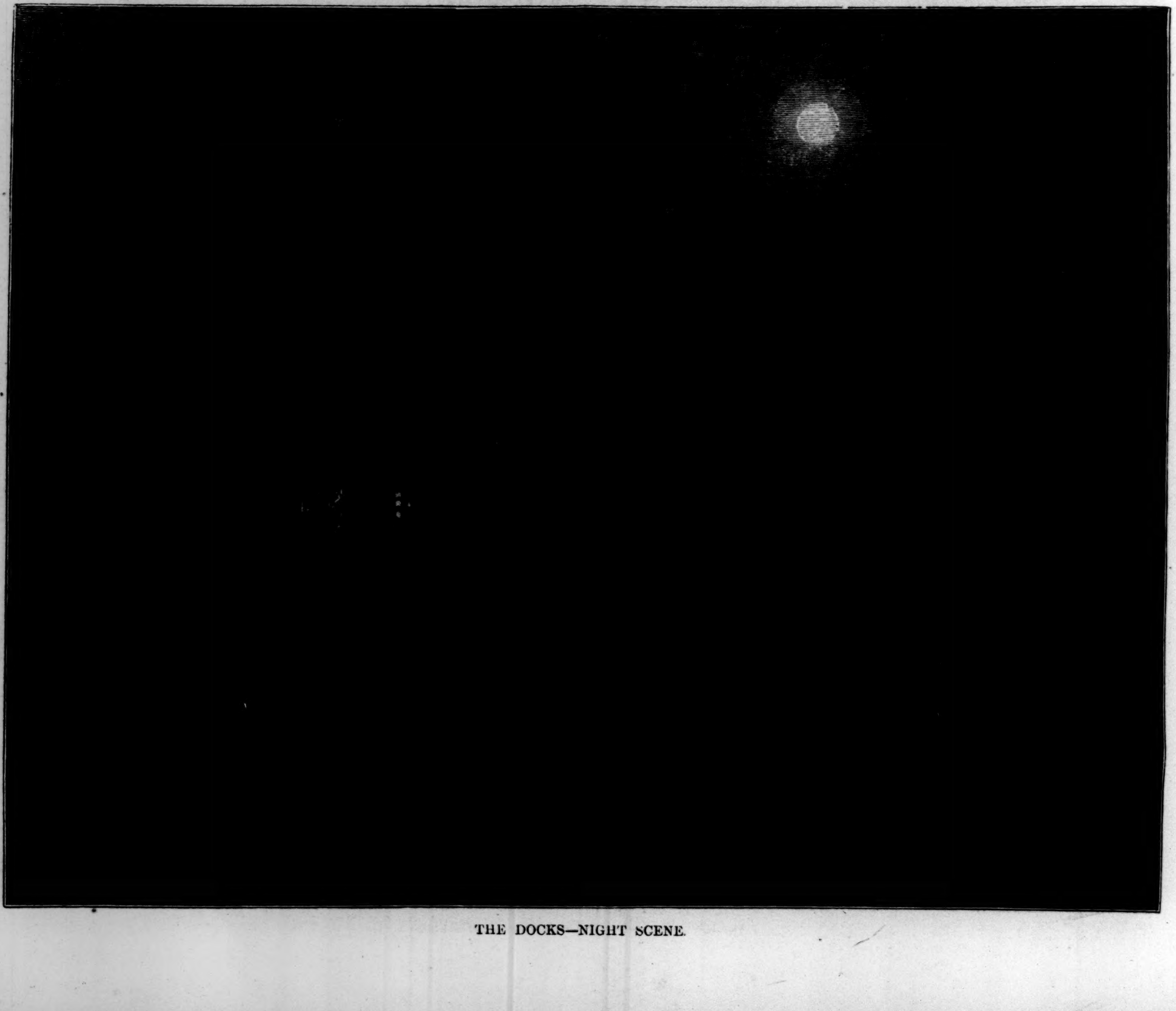
was the scene of a battle in 1008, when the bridge was turreted and protected by ramparts, and literally tugged from its foundations by King Olave's boats. Here it is—much as Samuel Scott painted it in 1645—and here—as we came upon it the other day. It was swept away by a hurricane: it was consumed by fire. And then came a stone bridge—built upon wool,* as the citizens said; just as the modern Londoner may say of the Holborn Viaduct, that it was built upon coal-sacks. And a very pretty transaction (for themselves) the City Corporation have effected in regard to the Viaduct. A pinch of fire is taken from every Whitechapel coster-monger to pay for this fine work—and for the Corporation's astute bargain!



LONDON BRIDGE, 1871.

The bridge upon wool is that of which romance-writers have made use; which survives, in its picturesque masses of houses, arches, and piers—an irregular street across a broad and rapid stream—in a hundred old drawings. It appears a grand mass of suggestive bits: and when the tournaments and processions enlivened the flood; and the state barges of the great, and the boats bearing prisoners to the Tower, streamed through its many narrow arches; and the windows and parapets were alive with citizens—it must have made a fine picture ready to the artist's pencil. Between Peter of Colechurch's Bridge and that which spans the river near its site, there are differences which suggest ages of time: and yet hardly more than a century has elapsed since the houses were razed from the ancient structure. The shapely span of stone, from the low parapets of which the sad faces of poor citizens are forever gazing upon the sea-going ships at St. Catherine's Wharf, is of the time of William the Fourth.

The parboiled heads have been thrust out of sight (they stood upon pikes over Traitors' Gate, thick as pins in a milliner's cushion), and Time and Fire and Water have cleansed the ancient site; and yet all is not holiday bravery, nor prosperous trade, nor Right, nor Goodness that is upon the bridge to which our faces are turned while our ship is brought alongside the wharf. We shudder at the bare imagination of the heads of William Wallace and Sir Thomas More—raised upon pikes, in the wicked, barbarous old times: when there was a bloody record upon every pile, and a horror associated with every footstep. But there are terrors still upon the bridge: shadows—we have watched on many a night—flitting every where amidst this pride of trade and splendor of commercial power.



THE DOCKS—NIGHT SCENE.

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* "The cost of the new erection is supposed to have been principally defrayed by a general tax laid upon wool—whence the popular saying, which, in course of time, came to be understood in a literal sense, that London Bridge was built upon wool-packs."—KNIGHT.

The ship touches the unsteady landing-stage: the gangway is cleared, and now the stranger makes his first acquaintance with the Londoner. If the Silent Highway to London shows one of the city's brilliant and imposing sides, the shores of the Thames expose its poverty. The poor fellows who wait by London Bridge to rush on board any steamer that has passengers with luggage to land make many a traveler's first impression. In their poverty there is nothing picturesque. The Londoner reduced to hunting after odd jobs by the river-shore is a castaway, whom it is impossible to class. He is a ne'er-do-weel nearly always, but without the elasticity and spirit of the Paris chiffonnier or the New York loafer. His clothes are picked any where: a black tail-coat of the most ancient date, a flat cap or a broken silk hat—every thing fifth hand! nothing suited for his work or intended for him. A hungry, hunted look—craving a job with brutal eagerness; at the same time a sneaking servility, ready to turn into insolence the moment the hope of gain is past. The crew of these pushing and noisy nondescripts, who wind through the passengers to pounce upon the luggage, gives many a man a shudder. For they express chronic distress in a hideous form: and their fierce internecine war for a few pence puts their worst expression upon them. It is an ugly corner of the battle of life.

LONDON BRIDGE, 1694.

From Rennie's bridge the cousins of these poor fellows carrying trunks upon their bare shoulders, up the jumbled ladders and stairs by which the traveler reaches the intricacies of the wharf, are looking down, down upon the scramble. The foreigner desiring to make another effective book of à "Voyage de Désagréments à Londres" could not select a better opening than the sheds and passages, half stable and half yard; the shabby pestering loiterers, and uncivil officials; all leading to the first experience of a London Cab. It should be a wet day, for completeness; for then the cabman will probably have upon his shoulders such a coat as no other city can show upon a box seat; and about his legs a sack.

London now lies before us—where to choose our points of view and find our themes.

And, in starting on our pilgrimage, let me warn the reader once again that we are but wanderers in search of the picturesque, the typical. A settled, comprehensive, exhaustive survey of all that is noteworthy in the greatest city in the world would be the work of a lifetime. We hope to show that as observers, who have traveled the length and breadth of the wonderful City by the Thames, we have not passed over many of its more striking features and instructive and startling contrasts. "We touch and go, and sip the foam of many lives," says Emerson. Ours is a touch-and-go chronicle.

SCRIPTURE READER IN A NIGHT REFUGE.